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COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLII.—No. 1082.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1917.

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THE HON. MRS. HULME LEVER.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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THE YOUNG OFFICER'S FUTURE

IN any work of reconstruction it must never be forgotten that the most valuable asset the country can possess is to be found in the young men. Of the private we have heard a good deal recently, and adequate means for providing him with a career are in the way of preparation. The young officer's position is different. In many thousands of cases before entering the Army he was just on the eve of beginning a profession. The writer knows, and is sure that every reader knows cases on all fours with them, of a number of cases that seem to be typical. One occurred a few days ago. A young man whose father is a well known engineer was preparing for a medical degree, but, having arrived at the age when the country can call upon his services, he elected to go into the Air Service, where he is distinguishing himself. His father being an engineer, he had taken an exceptional interest in flying. Suppose that boy gets through the war all right, he will be placed in a very awkward position

afterwards. Although he had passed his first examinations brilliantly, he had not taken his medical degree, and it needs no saying that a young man is not likely to keep his medical knowledge in his head during the excitement of active service. He is at present pilot of an aeroplane at the front, which cannot be conducive to the retention of medical knowledge. Another boy engineer of our acquaintance was in the middle of his apprenticeship after a very successful college career, but he will be unable to take up the thread of his work where he laid it down, and it would be very unfair if he had to serve out his apprenticeship after losing so many years. Yet these are but two examples of cases of a similar kind that are occurring by the thousand. Study and books were laid down at the behest of the country, and they cannot be instantaneously resumed; or, if they can be so, the loss of time would be a sad handicap, as the boy student has now become a man. These are considerations which the country must take carefully into account. In some professions, no doubt, it may be possible to advance the beginner. One or two of the Universities are showing the example of giving a war degree; that is to say, the time spent at the front is taken as though it had been given to study at the University. But we doubt if this method would do except in cases where the degree is more or less ornamental. A man, for instance, might be a very good schoolmaster, although he had not passed a final examination in the classics; but a doctor who had not completed his course, or an engineer who was in a similar position would not be qualified for his profession, even if he were officially recognised. Something else must be done.

Let us consider what the young officer will be when the war is over. In the first place, it is certain that if not mutilated he will be much better physically than he was before the war. Campaigning has had an admirable effect upon the physique. Everybody noticing the young officers home on leave must have been pleasantly struck with their perfect fitness and condition. We may reckon with certainty that the men will be strong and full of energy. In other ways the war will have improved them. They have been taught self-control, promptitude of decision, readiness to undertake responsibility, and the other qualities that make up leadership. In other words, they will be ideal leaders in the great commercial rally for which we are all preparing. The moral of this is that it would be a folly to insist on a man following out the career which he had chosen before the outbreak of war. If, as may be, he is thoroughly devoted to a profession and has been able to keep up his knowledge fairly well, then, by all means give him every facility for resuming it. The years that he has spent in the war must be counted as years in his training or experience, as the case may be; but the vast majority will have forgotten the technique which they were mastering when called to arms, and a number will not care to go back to a profession with which they have not been able to keep in touch. For these abundant room may be found in the highly organised commerce which will have to be brought into existence in furtherance of the policy of increased productivity to which we are all now devoted. The way to hold our own against the Germans or any others is less by what has been called economic warfare than by bringing our manufactures and our system of distribution to the highest possible point of perfection. It may be necessary to protect infant industries, and the country will not shrink from doing that; but that is not making war against an outside enemy, but acting in self-defence. On such lines as these it seems possible to provide a wide future for those splendid youths who have laid aside all in order to give their services to the defence of the country.

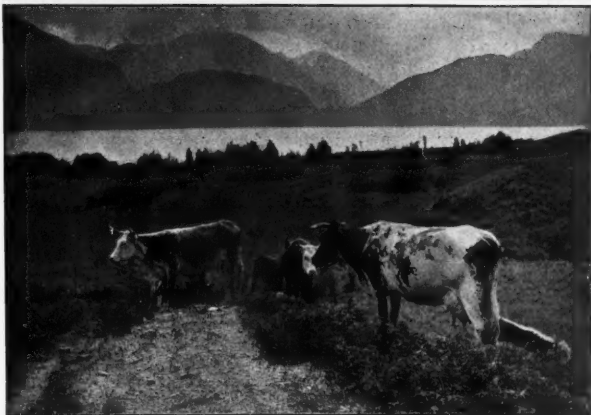
They will succeed all the better in life for the striking experience which they have had to go through at the outset. We believe that the great majority will conclude that they have had more than their share of adventure, and will be only too glad to settle down to a peaceful occupation in which prizes go to the industrious as well as to the brilliant.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Hulme Lever, whose marriage to the only son of Lord Leverhulme took place in 1912.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

IN the long list of German outrages on humanity nothing is more disgraceful than the attempt to degrade British soldiers and civilians in the eyes of the African natives, as revealed in a White Book which has just been issued. The details are almost unprintable. The treatment meted out to prisoners was that which in barbaric times was employed towards war captives who were condemned to the most abject form of slavery. Service men were compelled to drag a hand cart from the prison court at Tabora to some considerable distance and collect with their naked hands cow-dung, which they had to place in sacks, and then draw back the hand-cart to the camp. The manure was for the use of the white guards, and was collected in places frequented by natives. On other occasions they had to carry raw ox-hides from the prison camp at Tabora to a cattle kraal some distance away, there to scrape and bury the skins in manure. After a lapse of time the skins were dug up, scraped and in a stinking condition carried back on poles, the bearers being compelled to pass through the askari barracks and the Indian encampment. Service men were obliged to perform the most degrading tasks of scavenging, and to do so under native guards. Service men and civilians were obliged to sleep in one dormitory, patrolled throughout the whole night by native guards with fixed bayonets.

THESE are but specimens of the acts by which the Germans sought to lower Englishmen in the eyes of the natives. Their proceedings were not only barbarous, but most disloyal to the white races. It is small consolation to reflect that they themselves will undoubtedly bear the brunt of such degradation. When the Germans are brought to book for their misdeeds this will be regarded as one of the gravest. In the first place, it is absolutely contrary to the rules of civilised warfare that prisoners of war should be compelled to work at all. It is quite different when they are asked to volunteer, and prefer, as many of them do, labour in the fields or at their special craft to the melancholy of life in a prisoners' camp. But this treatment is not that of prisoners at all, but of slaves, and it need not be said that this is no solitary example of the German reversion to the hideous cruelty of antique times, when the captive of a warrior's bow and arrow was forced afterwards to become his slave, and was fortunate if he escaped mutilation. Probably the Germans thought that they were beyond the pale of law and could do as they liked. Someone has said that the ten commandments do not run in the wild, but the arm of England is long, and soon or late will be able to deal with the miscreants and their superiors, who ought to be held to the strictest accountability.

A VISION of great possibilities is evoked by the flight of Captain Marquess Giulio La'reati, of the Italian Air Service. He has earned the great distinction of being first to make a non-stop flight between Turin and London. The distance is 560 miles in a bee-line, but 656 miles were actually covered. The journey was done in seven and a half hours, so that on Monday evening the aviator was able to deliver in London the Turin morning papers and also an autograph letter from the King of Italy to King George, and letters

to Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Derby, Mr. Balfour, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and the Lord Mayor of London. Lord Montagu has frequently asserted that after the war it will be possible to arrange a great aerial postal service. Mails and even passengers will be able to travel between London, the Cape, Egypt, India, and Australasia to the East, and between London, Canada and the United States to the West. Thus aviation appears to be on the eve of entering into the ordinary commercial life of the country. Even this generation may come to look upon the mercantile airship as being as much a matter of course as the steamer or sailing ship.

"A PROBLEM solved" is the phrase that comes to one's lips on reading the letter in which Mr. J. W. Dennis intimates his resignation of the office of Potato Controller. His work is finished. It consisted, in the beginning, in arranging that an adequate supply of seed potatoes should be placed at the disposal of all growers throughout the United Kingdom. This was done, not, perhaps, perfectly—there is room for fault-finding in nearly everything that is done on the spur of a great crisis—but success crowned the efforts of those who struggled to ensure a plentiful supply of potatoes for the coming year. The crop, in the estimation of Mr. Dennis, is likely to turn out the best in the annals of British agriculture. There is no need to dwell on the significance of that remark. It seems that, come what may, a supply of food has been provided for the country which at all events ensures the inhabitants against starvation. But we hope that the work which Mr. Dennis began will not be allowed to drop. In 1918 it seems in every way likely that the requirements will be still greater than they were in 1917, and it becomes the duty of the Ministry of Food Production to make unceasing efforts towards carrying on the good work.

GREY GALLOWAY.

The Solway tide is flowing, and the gulls are in the air,
And seek you east, or seek you west, the countryside is fair;
The larks abune the braes are singing through the livelong day,
And there's na lack o' heartsome Joy in bonnie Galloway.
*O, Urr and Ken are fair to see, with rest for weary feet,
And golden sinks the western sun ayont the Isles o' Fleet;
The meadowsweet is blooming by the burns in Balmaghie,
But dearer far than a' the rest I lo'e the Brig o' Dee.*

My lad's awa', and dreary pass the days abune my head,
And dreary are the night hours as I lie upon my bed;
I canna thole the silence, sae I whisper Donald's name,
And syne I see him marching doon the sunlit path o' Fame.

Of a' the bonnie lads I kenned some will return nae mair,
And in the farm-touns by the Dee there will be weeping sair;
But still the swirling flood sweeps on to meet the Solway tide,
And many a lassie's left her lane that should ha'e been a bride.
*O, Urr and Ken are fair to see, with rest for weary feet,
And golden sinks the western sun ayont the Isles o' Fleet;
But it's weary, weary waiting till my ain lad comes for me
A' in the wee bit hoosie that lies by the Brig o' Dee.*

TINSLEY PRATT.

SIR A. YAPP has his work set before him in the new economy campaign on which he is entering. Its principal object must be the reduction of bread eating. One effect of the institution of the ninepenny loaf has been an increased demand for bread, and it is very obvious that for a long time to come the supply of bread in this country will be unequal to the ordinary peace-time demand. We hope Sir A. Yapp will not confine himself to restrictive or coercive measures. The best way to economise in bread is to encourage as far as possible the consumption of vegetables. In a year like the present it may be done by making potatoes easily available. It is a disgrace that with an unprecedented quantity at hand, food purveyors should continue to charge almost a famine price for the cooked article, while the uncooked is to be bought at a penny a pound.

IT is evident that the American public was very little moved by the German reply to the Pope's peace proposals. Recent events have convinced our cousins across the water that German professions are not to be accounted of any particular value, and the reply to the Pope was full of them. Take the vain-glorious statement of the Kaiser that in his first speech from the throne at the opening of the German Reichstag on June 25th, 1888, he declared himself in favour of peace. Yet during all the years that followed he industriously and assiduously laid his plans for war. In time

this hostility came to be directed chiefly against Great Britain. He came over here, was well received, and appeared to reciprocate British cordiality, but there was not a time when he would not have struck at England if he had had the power. The desire was plainly evinced during the South African War, particularly in his telegram to President Kruger. It found expression again in the Willy-Niky correspondence, when the Kaiser did his very best to make a conspiracy of nations against Great Britain.

RECENT revelations have shown that he had just as vindictive an eye on the United States of America, a country to which he sent spies while all the time professing friendliness, and where he has sanctioned treason to the State. On this account the fine words in which the reply was written gave no assurance to the American people. Indeed, the Kaiser after estranging Europe has succeeded in raising feelings in America of the most deadly resolve to end the military reign of which he is the head. Moreover, in the message there was no mention of Belgium, no mention of Alsace-Lorraine, no hint of a promise that German outrage and German robbery would be atoned for.

DR. ADDISON'S deliverance on Social Reconstruction after the War, at Huddersfield, last Saturday, is good as far as it goes, but lacks definition. He travelled over too much ground—unemployment, ship-building, railways, shortage of materials, and so on. The way to manage these subjects is to attack them in detail. They are too large to be dealt with satisfactorily in generalities. We are glad, however, that Dr. Addison declared, what we have always said, that "only by increased productivity should we be able to overcome the devastation caused by the war." Our idea of increased productivity has been to a great extent concentrated on the land, because that is the side in which our readers are interested, but it does not imply any negation of the vast scope for increased productivity in manufacture. And to improve manufacture, it is perfectly true that the three things necessary are better co-operation, better training, and better methods. But here Dr. Addison grazed a subject with which he did not deal finally or satisfactorily.

NO more serious problem faces us than that of uniting not only Labour and Capital, but all the dissenting factors in the State. At present there is a great deal of talk of new parties and organisations of parties; but the need of the hour is a statesman who will see with the utmost clearness that the greatest work of the future is to make the State one; that is, to call into it extremists of every shade of opinion. Each man should know that due weight will be given to his opinion, and that can be done without any danger to the security of the nation by making the will of the majority prevail. No man who is at all reasonable objects when he finds that, after a fair and full exposition of his creed, he has not made converts, or not enough converts, to constitute a majority. The citizen of a State like ours recognises that unless he can command support he cannot expect his opinions to prevail. The business of the future, therefore, should be to get rid of hostile sections and parties by calling them in and treating them fairly. Confidence has to be established that every conviction will be judged on its merits and not on account of the status of the man who professes it. Along this way, as far as we can see, lies the only hope of salvation from the difficulties that are threatening all states at the present time.

FARMERS ought to rejoice at Professor Middleton's summary of the work they have accomplished in breaking up pasture during the agricultural year 1916-17. He contends unanswerably that the ploughing of poor grass has, on the whole, been a very successful operation, and that when it has failed, the reasons of failure can be pointed out, and, therefore, success is within reasonable hope of achievement next time. But the weakness of the statement lies in the fact that it is not founded on finance. Professor Middleton would no doubt argue that he has nothing to do with the cost of production. He is discoursing in his tractate not on profit, but on the enlargement, possible and achieved, of the food supply of the country. That may be true; but no improvement in agriculture can possibly be permanent unless it shows a profit to the farmer. That is the basic idea on which sound husbandry must rest. Therefore, it is absolutely necessary that the accounts for the ploughing should be set before the public in lucid and accurate figures. This should be done at once. We all know that the expenditure has been most exceptionally heavy and that leakage and waste have occurred

to an enormous extent. But, on the other hand, the country would willingly pardon these errors as a return for the feeling of confidence inspired by the increased production of food. But a system which is successful only by applying the process of exhaustion to capital must be reformed soon or late. The task ought to be set about now, for it is perfectly certain that the improvement of agriculture might be obtained without any of the extravagant expenditure which has been witnessed since the war began.

AS was hinted last week, the Americans are not at all pleased at the idea of Barnard's statue of Lincoln being set up in front of the entrance to the House of Lords. American opinion proves to be very condemnatory of this piece of sculpture. We are told that at the time of his death Mr. Choate was preparing a protest against what he conceived to be a degradation of the memory of Lincoln. Mr. Robert Lincoln, a son of the great President, describes the statue as "a monstrous figure, grotesque as a likeness of President Lincoln and defamatory as an effigy." Senator Lodge, again, has decided in vigorous terms not to serve on the committee of presentation. He declares that the statue is inartistic and very bad, almost grotesque. If these are the views of our American friends, it would certainly be in very bad taste for us to accept this particular statue and set it up within the precincts of Westminster. It would be a joy to all of us to have a statue of Lincoln in London, but it must be one that commends itself to the American artistic instinct and to the American memory of one of their greatest men.

A BALLADE OF BUTTERFLIES.

War shakes the Continent and England too:

But *Orange Tips* an early April day

Made hopeful, and I saw a *Holly Blue*

Before that month of April passed away:

Euphrosyne was plentiful in May

And *Wood Whites* fluttered where the glades were green;

These pleasures came with springtime's blossomed spray.

The butterflies of Nineteen Seventeen.

June came, and sudden out of Flanders flew

Pierides. The sky was white and grey

With their winged millions. Too well they knew

To kitchen gardens their appointed way.

I write not what the gardeners did say;

Apart from gardeners, it was a scene

Of beauty, for white butterflies are gay.

The butterflies of Nineteen Seventeen!

And so the year unto midsummer grew,

The *Grayling* with its wings of brown and bay

Basked on the old church wall, the morning dew

Was brushed by little *Davus* from the hay;

Egeria was wooed in the chequered ray

Of sunshine through the leaves. Now corn men glean,

Vanessas haunt the thistles. Grand are they,

The butterflies of Nineteen Seventeen.

Prince, take your net and come. A glorious prey,

The splendid *Podalirius* has been seen

Upon the wing o'er English chalk and clay.

The butterflies of Nineteen Seventeen!

C. K. J.

MR. ARTHUR BOLTON'S article on Sir John Soane's Museum, which appears on a later page, gives us the opportunity to congratulate the students of architecture, both professional and amateur, on his recent acceptance of the curatorship of the Museum. Our readers are familiar enough with his encyclopædic knowledge, not only of the arts, but also of the social life of the eighteenth century, and he has the opportunity of doing notable work as the head of an Institution which has never yet been at the full disposal of the public. Sir John Soane left an architectural library unsurpassed in England, but it is scattered through scores of bookcases all over the wonderful house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and has always demanded of the student a persistence and resolution which few can boast, before its treasures were available. No man alive is more familiar with the unique contents of the Museum than its new Curator, and we have no doubt that, before the threads of architectural study are picked up again, all this will be changed, and the Museum will take its rightful place as a centre of research, especially in connection with the latest phase of the English classical tradition, now so rapidly reviving.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SMALL-HOLDER

IT is impossible for those who are responsible for the agricultural policy of Great Britain to neglect the eloquent lesson to be derived from the success of the small-holders. Concerning it there is no room for doubt. Exact figures are not available any more than they are for the results achieved on the big farms, but anyone who uses his eyes can see that fine crops have been made to grow on the most unlikely places. I confess to having been a little sceptical myself. During the early months of the year it happened that I had several times a week to pass along a road that passes a town waste. A less promising piece of ground could not well have been imagined. Some land speculator had purchased it for building purposes in days anterior to the famous Budget which effectually checked that form of enterprise. Part was a dumping ground for tins and household rubbish; on another part boys, with or without leave, played football, but that came to an end when the war broke out. Couch grass and other foul weeds took advantage of the vacancy. So the conditions remained until the spring of this year, when a feeble old man looking quite past work began digging. He was followed by others equally grey and feeble, some even halt and blind. But it was evident that they knew something of tillage. They worked industriously and not without a touch of that neatness which characterises the English cottage gardener. Occasionally they had some assistance from very young children; mills and factories engaged in war work had absorbed the elder boys and girls. Who could have expected the earth to yield up her treasures of food to patriarchs and babies? Yet it was so. They were very poor and received no help. But this was an advantage from our point of view, as the cultivators were thrown entirely on their own resources. It was obvious that they had no money to spend on artificial manures. But a great road passes close to the vacant plot, and even in these days of decreased traffic there were enough horses to yield a liberal supply of droppings. Old and young sallied out, whenever the conditions were favourable, with vessels of all sorts—pitchers, a wheelbarrow, an old perambulator, anything that would serve their purpose—and assiduously gathered the refuse of the road. There were

convinced of its virtues. One of them told me the other night that his winter cabbage plants were in process of being devoured by insects, so he begged a few handfuls of this powder and scattered it with his hand over the plot where they were growing. Whether the result was due to that act or not it is impossible to say from a casual glance, but my own eyes bear witness to the fact that the plants are now growing splendidly, with none of the perforations which previously attested to the presence of garden pests of one kind or another. At the present moment those plots which formed a wilderness in the early months of the year are clothed with vegetables for the winter. The Brussels sprouts, which seem to be the favourites, would do no discredit to the best garden. They are strong, high, sturdy plants, already showing plenty of buttons. Beet seems to



A LONDON DESERT TAKEN OVER IN 1917.
It grew magnificent crops.

come next in that district, and there is an abundance of it still growing. Leeks, too, have been planted, and this is a sign of the advance due to the war. In that part of the country the leek up to now has been neglected and generally spoken of as a Welsh or Scotch kind of onion. But horticultural education has been getting so far down that it has reached even these humble growers. They showed with pride a very promising crop. It had been put in late and the plants are not up to show standard, but they will certainly furnish a large supply of nutritious food in those dreary winter months when living is most difficult to the poor. I mention this instance because it accidentally came before my own eyes; but it is typical of what has been accomplished in thousands of places throughout the country, and especially in London and its neighbourhood.

I have before me *Vacant Lots*, the monthly magazine of the Vacant Land Cultivation Society, and the reports from its establishment up to now. Also the officials of the society were kind enough to furnish me with a liberal selection of photographs showing what had been accomplished on land as unpromising as this. Some of them are reproduced here, and many others deserve to be. The society came into existence many years before the war, and was achieving good results before the present stress gave a new stimulus to the movement.



PLOT-HOLDERS AND CHILDREN AT WORK.

also heaps of road sweepings composed miscellaneous of grit, decayed dung, and a substance which the roadman scattered before applying the steam roller. It looks like a rather poor kind of basic slag, but the men are very fully

Some idea of the strength of the movement may be gained from the fact that 20,000 allotment holders were represented at the meeting held at the end of August. The proposal carried then was that a conference should be

convened to organise a London and Counties Federation of Allotment Holders and to consider affiliation with other federations so as to gather all the small cultivators into a national society for the promotion of the interests of allotment holders. This conference is to be held on October 20th. Now what should be thoroughly understood is that the principle adopted is not one of charity or of official help. In fact, the Government this year wished to make a grant in aid of the movement, but the offer was rejected, and we think wisely. There is no principle sounder than that contained in the motto which is printed on the first page of each number of *Vacant Lots*: "The noblest charity is to prevent a man from accepting charity; and the best alms is to enable a man to dispense with alms." The individual is practically left to work out his own salvation in this matter.

It is true that advice is offered, but this advice is educational, and the Board of Agriculture might well consider if there are not means of reaching these small-holders more directly than they do at present. The assumption on which a national policy of agriculture is based seems to be that the food supply of the country depends chiefly on the large cultivators. One is not prepared to say that there is no truth in this. The 500 acre farms must yield a greater absolute percentage of the food supply than the little plots. Still, that is not all the truth. What has been proved beyond question is that in intensive cultivation lies the way to make Great Britain independent of foreign supplies of food. Some remarkable instances can be given to show how this works out practically. For example, a man who had cultivated 40 rods of land when he set about it was able to produce as much from 20 rods as he had done from the 40 rods. Perhaps it may be necessary to explain that the phrase "intensive" is being used in its strict meaning. Many people associate it too closely with what is called French gardening, but the broad meaning of intensive cultivation is that more labour and more manure is devoted to every foot of soil. Judged by that test, the little man is a very much better producer than the big farmer. In the celebrated figures which Professor Middleton got together for the purpose of showing the greater produce per hundred acres in Germany as compared with Great Britain, the factor was the more abundant crops which came from the laborious cultivation of the small-holders. It needs no saying that there are great tracts on the large farms which are very poorly cultivated and yield but lightly. It has been customary in the past to put forward many excuses for this state of things.



FROM SEVEN POUNDS OF SEED POTATOES.



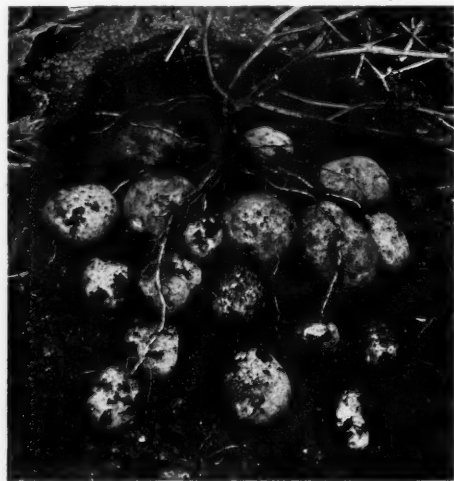
BURNING COUCH-GRASS.

The scarcity of labour is held to make extensive cultivation necessary. It is said, too, that the land is too thin and poor to make thorough cultivation profitable. Experience is, at any rate, rapidly playing havoc with the latter of these contentions. It shows that where there is the requisite depth of soil, there is a possibility of obtaining heavy crops. All that is required is more work on the land, more manure and more scientific understanding of the soil. But to that

the retort will be that the ancients and the children who have been responsible for gardening waste plots are absolutely ignorant of science. That cannot be denied, except in so far that those who have been most successful may not have read books, but have obtained a practical knowledge from working the land. As far as a limited enquiry can justify one in speaking, the old men who have got very good results

seem without exception, whatever their recent employment has been, to have at one time or another worked on the land. It was very easy to see in the case of those to whom particular reference was made that they handled the spade as it is handled only by those to whom it is a familiar tool. The failures—and it would be foolish to disguise the fact that there have been many failures—have been among men new to the land. It is surprising that in a country like this there should be in all classes of society numbers who have simply obtained their vegetables from the green-grocer and, before the war started, had not the glimmering of an idea how they were made to grow. It would be easy

to fill pages with mistakes as ludicrous as that of the man who dug out ditches 6 ft. in depth, and when asked why he did it, replied that previous to growing potatoes he had been told it was necessary to make trenches. But there is no teacher like experience, and we may be perfectly certain that absurdities like this will diminish as time goes on, especially as in every group of allotment holders there is a proportion who are really clever at the work and whose crops attest the fact. The duller man who sees abundance on one plot of the same land where he has failed is bound to watch how his neighbour set about the task. Help in the way of advice and education ought to be forthcoming very freely to those who are, whatever their age, only young apprentices at land work. It may be necessary, too, that a little financial assistance should be given them at the beginning. The society has been in the habit of advancing small sums, say, £5 or £10, when specific work such as fencing had to be done before any progress could be made, but it was always on



A GOOD ROOT OF GORDON CASTLE.

before any progress could be made, but it was always on

condition that the loan should be repaid at the end of the financial year, a condition which has been faithfully observed. The moral which should be most earnestly drawn by those in authority is that the cultivator should as far as possible be made to stand on his own feet. There has been a tendency to treat farmers as though they were babies. It has proved an extremely expensive method of getting the land cultivated, and if continued must have the effect of sapping the independence of the sturdiest class of men in Great Britain. A change is required in the methods

applied by the Ministry of Food Production. Results have been achieved, but not such important results as might have been expected, and the cost of them has not yet been disclosed. Of course, every allowance will be made for the fact that a great effort was required in a hurry, and that there was neither time nor opportunity for making those sound arrangements which would have been desirable under other circumstances. But the start has now been achieved, and efficiency with economy—a large stress being placed on the word "economy"—must be the order of the future.

AGRICULTURAL LESSONS FROM 1917

MR. MIDDLETON has added greatly to the literary services he has done agriculture by the publication of his report on the Breaking up of Grassland in England and Wales in the Harvest Year 1916-17. It is a very clear summary of the answers to a number of questions which he addressed to the farmers. Up to the time of writing over 300 replies had been received from fifty-five counties, and he considers the results very satisfactory in view of the difficulties attending the work last spring, the inexperience of many of the farmers in breaking up old grass, and the unskilled labour that had often to be employed. For every failure there have been four successes, and the failures can in most cases be traced to a definite cause. That is where the advantage of this Report comes in. It will enable each individual cultivator to improve on his own experience by learning that of others.

The successes are not confined to any one kind of crop. Oats, wheat, barley, peas, beans, potatoes, mangolds, mustard, rape, turnips, linseed, are all mentioned as having given satisfaction, and it is evident that a farmer who knows his work has a considerable choice of crops available. Professor Middleton devotes a section to "Lessons from the Successes and Failures of 1917." We remember that at the beginning of the movement the ironical advice was given, "Tell people to keep pigs, because if they go ploughing up this grassland they will grow plenty of pig's meat." But he laughs best who laughs last, and the successes so far outnumber the



A LAND ROLLER AT WORK.

failures as to confound the prophets of evil. Many of the failures were attributed to wireworms, but, says Professor Middleton, "the wireworm is bad enough, but is not as vile as his reputation." Much of the damage put down to wireworms was primarily due to the drying out of the newly ploughed soil through lack of proper tillage; and in the south much damage, which the wireworm was supposed to do, was, in reality, caused by the frit fly." The second lesson is as regards the time to plough, but he recognises that the farmer cannot always make a choice. He must plough whenever the weather is suitable; and, although plough-

ing out of season may necessitate modifications in the tillage, he still may expect good results from skilful handling. There are two cases, however, in which ploughing at the right time is essential:

(a) The first is the case of poor heavy clay land in the drier parts of the country. Soils of this type are dense, sour and lack air. If exposed to the hot summer sun and to summer rain they crumble and form a healthy seed bed. Land of this type should be broken in summer so that there may be at least a partial fallow. When such land is ploughed up out of season it is likely to require specially careful management.

(b) The second case in which timely ploughing is insisted on is that of the medium or light land of those districts most subject to wireworm attacks. It has been the experience of a number of farmers that the oat crop on late ploughed



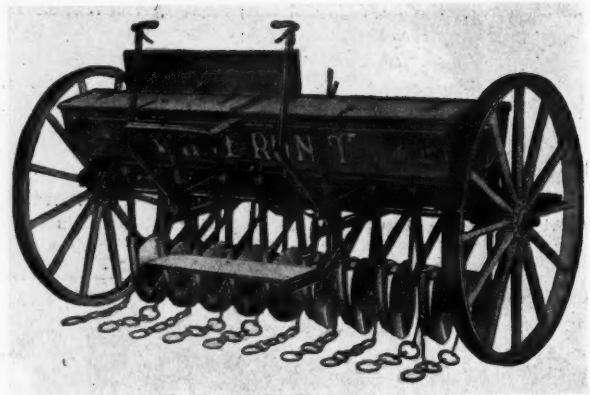
A CAMBRIDGE ROLLER.

and late sown land has been better than on grass broken up earlier in the season. If there were a choice, it is unquestionable that there would be less trouble from wireworm on land ploughed in March than December in certain parts of the southern counties. On the other hand, crops sown in the second half of March are more subject to the attacks of frit fly than those sown earlier, and, given intelligent management, it would appear that the earlier sown crop on land ploughed in autumn and winter may often be as safe as the late sown.

In many cases, especially in those of the medium and light soils in the north and west, the subsequent cultivation



A DISC HARROW.



A DISC DRILL.

of grassland ploughed up with the ordinary ley furrow is a simple matter. If ploughed early in the season, the broadcast sower and harrow will do all that is required until in the late spring the roller prepares the surface for the harvester. But the old sod, the tractor plough, and late spring ploughing with the object of defeating wireworm, have between them brought four implements—the disc cultivator, the disc drill, the land presser and the Cambridge roller—into much greater prominence than before.

SWITZERLAND IN WAR-TIME

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THERE are villages, even within the radius of the London searchlights, where the remark is not uncommonly heard: "One almost forgets the war down here; it's difficult to believe there is a war!"—the speaker usually some tired worker snatching a few days' rest, but prevented by limits of time and money from a longer journey. The truth of the remark is relative, of course; it shows how the realisation of war has become habitual. The village has grown accustomed to the lesser evidences of change: the woman driving a milk-cart, girls in breeches working on the fields, scarcity of matches, butter, sugar and so forth in the local shop, even to the boom of anti-aircraft guns and the shifting of mysterious lights across the night skies; the incessant thudding of the Flanders artillery calls for no particular comment any longer. Such details cannot shock the nerves as once they did. Minds satiated with revolutions and disasters on a colossal scale are blunted and unresponsive. The morning newspaper once read, the latest Prussian treachery discussed, the length of the Casualty List appreciated, the villagers then go about their duties until the following morning (there is no evening paper) provides the daily excitement, now become as habitual as breakfast. The war is not forgotten; it has grown into the routine of life; its realisation is almost functional. "It is difficult to believe there is a war—down here!"

Sometimes, however, the observation varies. This morning, for instance, an overworked woman, seeking a few days' change and rest, but a woman still sensitive enough to dream of happier days in the careless Long Ago, mentioned her yearning for the peace of a beflowered valley of the Alps, where the glacier streams gush downwards from eternal snows, where the wind sighs softly through great pine woods, some quiet valley brimmed with crystal sunlight and lying beneath a dome of stainless blue.

"Just one week," she sighed, "one little week in sight of the Eiger or the Blümlisalp! To see the stars round the crest of the Matterhorn again and hear the echoes of falling water all night long in the peaceful valleys. The dawns, the sunsets, the tinkling of the cow-bells, the simple, happy peasants, and the children in the fields! If someone first would hypnotise me to forget . . . !" It was a natural longing that thousands feel to-day. Only the hypnotic forgetfulness would have to be very thoroughly managed. The speaker's days in Bucharest, her share in the Rumanian retreat, her experiences before that in Serbia. . . . The hypnotic suggestion would have to be extremely competent, to say the least. And the fair

Swiss valleys, haunted of our youth, bathed in clear sunshine and sweetened by fresh mountain winds—these valleys cannot now give the peace and blessing that once they did. The spell is broken and the joy has fled. Even could hypnotism sponge away all memory of the past, the sojourner there just now would find too many reminders of pain and terror and cruelty—ghastly reminders of Prussian frightfulness—to snatch even the most meagre comfort from the scenery, the sunshine and the flowers. Switzerland is no playground any more. Even in the remotest mountain village it would be difficult to say, "One almost forgets there is a war; it is difficult to believe up here!"

For Switzerland, an oasis surrounded on all sides by the great belligerents, offers no escape to-day from sharp reminders that Europe lies soaked in blood, the valleys have lost their hint of other-worldliness, the mountain hotels their fun and laughter. Winter and summer sports both languish; there are no merry dances, the orchestras are dumb, and many a resort that in peace time was unpleasantly overcrowded now experiences difficulty in keeping open at all. The question of State help is broached plaintively in the daily Press, and more than one popular hotel that filled its great *salle à manger* easily in 1913 now employs two or three waitresses at most for the handful of guests who occupy one corner only. The men—guides, waiters, porters, sometimes the *hotelier* himself—are mobilised and doing their *service militaire* on plain or frontier far away. Labour is as scarce as guests. In every department of her normal life Switzerland has suffered a violent, even a ruinous dislocation; and while the flow of tourist money has practically ceased, the cost of mobilising several divisions and keeping them on a war footing is a grave item in the national economy that must be met out of diminished revenues. Owing to the irregular supply, if not sometimes the actual lack, of fuel—the country's coal is derived from Germany—more than one industry has been in peril and more than one factory, deprived of the necessary raw material, been shut down. Diminished income, scarcity of labour, of coal and raw material, combined with heavily increased expenses, have been among the great—though not, perhaps, the greatest—disabilities this little, enclosed country has suffered from the war.

There are far sharper reminders of the war, however, than these general trade and economic conditions, and the lady who yearned for the peace and seclusion of her favourite haunted mountain valleys would find them at her elbow everywhere. Swiss hospitality has become proverbial; Switzerland has opened her gates to the wounded and disabled; the *grands blessés* from

the prison camps of Germany fill the streets of her towns and crowd the inns and chalets of even remote upland villages. Khaki from every corner of the British Empire, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, kilts from Scotland, Gurkhas from India, the uniforms of Belgium and of France are met in field and forest, on mountain paths, in rowing boats and steamers on the lakes, in shops and churches and cinemas of the towns. In every train and tram is khaki or the *poilu* blue, in the village *café*, at the Kursaal concert, half way up some dizzy height, or in the shady nook of some hotel or villa garden, is seen at every hour of the day that symbol of a fighting world—the military salute. The interiors of clinique and convalescent home, of doctors' consulting rooms and private nursing quarters, are not, of course, so easily seen, but it needs no imagination to divine that they, too, are full. The crutches, the empty sleeves, the limping legs and shaded eyes are everywhere, and few of their owners, men and officers, but languished two years at least in one of the miserable German prison camps that have stained the name of Germany beyond all cleansing. Switzerland, indeed, is one vast hospital and convalescent home; you cannot pluck a gentian of the higher slopes nor a narcissus of the lush meadows in the valley without a stern reminder that happiness has fled, for a time at any rate, this once-radiant, care-less playground we associate with youth and holidays. The sun goes down in wonder behind the lonely heights as before, but goes down in blood; rising beyond the snowfields tipped with gold, it but reminds you of the too familiar "we attacked at dawn." The mountain winds are fresh and keen as of old; indeed, the forests rustle as sweetly, the cow-bells float and tinkle down the air, the falling water echoes; there is no change in Nature; but these are as memories of another day, almost, it seems, of another life. Switzerland is no playground now, but rather a great camp for medical treatment for the heroes of 1914 broken by the war. Her natural beauty serves as painful contrast between the careless happiness of former years and the pain and suffering of to-day. Sadness casts its shadow on her fairest scenery, and though her loveliness remains as of old, it is poignant now with the tears and sighs of memories that no one can escape.

Yet, equally, there are compensations that no imaginative mind can fail to note; there are striking contrasts. The Red Cross flag that first waved from a Geneva tower now seems to stream from the summit of Mont Blanc itself, covering the entire land with its gracious and beneficent meaning. And, thanks to its protection, these khaki figures, officers and men, heroes all from Le Cateau, Mons and the rest, take their fill of the sunshine and the mountain wind, enjoying themselves at last, and trying to forget their vile captivity. Strange sights may be seen—is this the Switzerland that we remembered, or some dream with happiness and nightmare oddly mixed? Elderly, bronzed officers, beribboned and beclaspèd, chasing swallow-tails with home-made nets and killing-bottles, and with the zest of eager boyhood! A first-lieutenant, one sleeve empty, casting a rod over a mountain stream for trout, a flying man behind him, limping badly, picking flowers as though he saw them for the first time in his life! Three others, with shaded eyes, or possibly with three sound eyes among the party, climbing trees for birds' nests as though home for the summer holidays in Kent or Surrey! A Tommy, or a Jock in kilts, struggling with his dictionary in a grocery, a teashop or a railway booking office; while down the sun-drenched street outside a New Zealander and two Australians stump to the bathing-house, hang up their crutches (on the hotel billiard table later in the evening to be used as cue rests) and prove to all and sundry that a man with only one leg can swim as well as a man with two! Laughter, whistling, singing, cracking jokes alternately with "grousing," this handful of the Old Contemptibles take their Swiss convalescence as cheerily as they took their other fate in the autumn of 1914. Switzerland to-day is full of the heroes of that first immortal batch. . . . The lady in search of her quiet mountain valley in the shadow of the Eiger or the Blümlisalp would suffer poignant emotions as she crossed the Cantons of Vaud and Valais to reach it. She would meet sharp reminders of the war at every turn. At St. Maurice, too, she might be just in time to see the daily train of *évacués* from Northern France arrive with its charged cargo of human pain and suffering *en route* for Evian and distribution thence among the southern departments. The faces at the windows, the children especially, would not contribute to her later peace of mind. She would more probably decide to stay on the St. Maurice platform and help the kindly Swiss in their distribution of welcome material comforts among this daily consignment of sorely afflicted humanity.

Switzerland, indeed, to-day is changed beyond recognition. Prices are high and food is scarce. Rationing runs its difficult course, as elsewhere in our dislocated world. Trains are reduced, and railway, as also amusement, tickets heavily taxed. Instead of cheese and butter, the rule, strictly enforced, is cheese *or* butter, while one lump of sugar and one speck of saccharine is the sweetening allowance with *thé* or *café complet*. Eggs at 3.50frs. a dozen are a luxury, and cream is unobtainable; it is forbidden even for cakes and pastries in the ubiquitous *confiseries*. Thursday in every week is an unhappy day for people with sweet tastes, since no sweetened article, not even a cup of chocolate, may be bought at all. And the hotels, to add to their other troubles, are anxious for their supply of fuel. A chilly winter is a probability all have to face. The easy-going, happy Switzerland of former days exists no more. Even a home-coming traveller as he leaves Geneva by the single daily train—he must book his seat days, and his sleeper even weeks, in advance—is searched to see that he carries no foodstuffs out of the country with him. Matches, at any rate, so far, are obtainable in abundance, though not so cigarettes, which it is one of their purposes to light!

It is good to know that many of our own men and officers have come home now from Château d'Oex, with its attendant villages of Rougemont and Rossinières, from Mürren in the Oberland and other places. The majority of these have not seen England for three years at least. Their evacuation will make room for others to come in from Germany, and no one can be more grateful for this than those whose places in Switzerland will thus be filled. Many may reach this haven just in time. The French exchanges came into effect before our own, but Champéry in the Valais, Salvan, above the Rhone Valley, on the old familiar route to Chamonix, and many other mountain villages known to us all as summer and winter resorts in happier days, or as climbing centres, still hum and buzz with busy *poilus* working in the vines, active with the sawmills whose produce is now taken by their mother country, or occupied by various lesser trades and duties that make the time of waiting less wearisome and long. The ingenuity of these occupations is considerable. There was, in Champéry, one *poilu* who turned the big nails used for building chalets into paper-knives, with sharp curved blades and delicate tapering points. His sole tool was a common hammer, and the nails sold at the *Dépôt des Internés* for 2frs., 3frs. and even 4frs. apiece. Wooden paper-knives, carved to represent soldiers of the Allies, and cleverly coloured, were another very popular employment. A very interesting collection of souvenirs might be made among the ingenious products of interned soldiers at the various villages. The French, in this respect it must be admitted, showed far more resource and ingenuity than the English.

There is another aspect of life in Switzerland to-day that is less accessible to the public, as well as less free for the journalist to write about. Though the resorts are somewhat deserted, and the villages handed over to interned soldiers chiefly, the towns are crowded, and some of them are booming. Geneva, Bern, Zurich and Lausanne are packed with strange humanity, and rooms not easily to be had. Lucerne is thriving; Lugano very busy. Every nationality is represented, every shade of colour. Germans are ubiquitous, of course, making themselves at home even in French Switzerland, which does not welcome them, and whose newspapers can hardly be pleasant reading for them just now. At Montreux, for instance, they frequent certain hotels, spend money freely, and make themselves at home. The little country has distinguished visitors, some of them undesirably notorious these troubled days. Prince von Buelow showed his fondness for Lucerne, whose climate appealed equally to the famous Erzberger; while King Tino, still hoping probably against hope, nurses that treachery to which alone his soul is faithful in the seclusion of a sumptuous country villa. Near Clarens, in an expensive château, lived for a long time the ex-Khedive of Egypt, fearful, it was currently reported, of assassination, and so rarely, if ever, visible abroad; and von Gerlach, though the papers denied it later, was said to have found a haven of safety, after his audacious activities as a spy in the Vatican, with the monks of a monastery near Coire. Lenin, arch-reactionary, lived quietly in the country until the German interest whisked him across the Fatherland by a special train into Russia, and is now reported back again safely in his neutral home. Strange and various are the people from every country in the world who seek the salubrious climate of Switzerland to-day. They, with their retinues, doubtless bring money in. Judging, however, by the outspoken comments of the native Press, their absence, even in these hard times, would be preferable to their gold.

FORTY YEARS ONWARD

A GREAT many reflections, sombre and cheerful, grave and gay, are excited by a glance over Mr. Leslie Ward's "Forty Years of 'Spy'" (Chatto and Windus), of which a new edition has just been published. Mr. Ward properly claims that during his long association with *Vanity Fair* he met "practically every person of note in the London world of the last forty years"; and the first thought that comes to one is how ephemeral a thing is reputation, especially in these days, when the machinery of push

is brought to an unheard of perfection, and a man achieves notoriety, if not fame, in his own day by a clever manipulation of the publicity wires. When he dies he does so in a double sense. His life goes out, and still more absolutely goes the bubble reputation which used to float along with it. And this applies even to those who have in their day occupied a large place in the public eye. Not so long ago the Fourth Party was regarded as the most singular apparition that had ever appeared in the world of politics. It was unlike any other that had gone before. The almost universal custom had been for politicians to cluster round a principle or a war cry, but this was only a rebellion against those who were, in the language of the time, called "Mandarins." Of the four men who composed the party, only one, Mr. A. J. Balfour, is now alive, and he was the first seceder from it. He would not go against his uncle. It is not this idea which is called up, however, but the ephemerality of the whole thing. Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Balfour in 1881 were in the glory of their youth, and "Spy" rendered well their appearance and their promise. Thirty-six years ago, Mr. Balfour was surely

the most elegant and, perhaps, we might also say, the most promising of politicians. He is shown in his favourite position, one long leg crossed over the other, one gaitered shoe hanging in the air, the other supporting it. His head is thrown back, but there is no sleepiness in the alert, clever, cultivated face. Beside him sits in heavy contrast Sir Drummond Wolff, ponderous, elephantine, and on his right-hand side is Sir John Gorst, not looking so youthful as the others, and much more cynical and worldly-wise. This was one of the famous *Vanity Fair* cartoons that always will have a little niche of its own in history.

In the other cartoons reproduce here there is a curious mixture of men whose fame is likely to be immortal, and of others rapidly becoming only names and shadows of names. For example, a great cricketer's fame is, like that of the actor, "writ in water," as John Keats said mournfully of his own. Spofforth, "the demon bowler," outside the circle of those whose interest centres in cricketing records, is already in the way of being forgotten. We know thoroughgoing cricketers will resent this assertion, but of them we make an exception. Thousands of them knew

Spofforth personally or have watched him on the mimic field of battle, and are not likely to forget; but to the generations who are rising up he will soon be merely tradition and scarcely that. Gladstone played a slightly more serious game, and yet his fate reminds us of a saying of Lord Tennyson, "We are all marching rapidly to oblivion; one perhaps a little quicker than the others, but all going the same way." The game of politics is certainly inferior to chess as an amusement, and not much superior to cricket; while the work that statesmen did in Victorian days has received a rebuke from recent events from which it will not



CANON LEDDON,
1876.



CARDINAL NEWMAN,
1877.



THE DEAN OF WINDSOR
(WELLESLEY), 1876.



THE FOURTH PARTY.

Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Sir Drummond Wolff and Sir John Gorst.

speedily recover. Gladstone had reached the confines of old age in 1887 when this cartoon was made, and he looks an antique, staid and tremulous figure; yet the eye and forehead remind us of Dante, and the serious student of history must always recognise that William Ewart Gladstone attained a high and honourable place in the history of English statesmanship. He may not have been as wise as men thought him during his lifetime, but of his greatness there can be no question.

One might have thought musicians, too, might pass out of remembrance as easily as actors, and yet there is vitality in the fame of Wagner and Liszt, a vitality which the cartoonist has admirably reflected. The Wagner was done in 1877 and the Abbé Liszt in 1880, and they are two of the most vital figures of the nineteenth century.

Now take the variegated quartet which we reproduce from a page of the book. Sir Henry Lucy has closed an interesting chapter of his life and is "Toby" no more, but we think he will be remembered as long as any other contributor to *Punch*. The cartoon was made as late as 1899, and it is put side by side with one of W. S. Gilbert, dated 1881, a humorist of an absolutely different character. "Patience" and the other Gilbert-Sullivan light operas that

gave so much pleasure in the eighties, while yet the apostles of æstheticism were in their prime, are still reproduced from time to time; but, admired, we are afraid, by a diminishing number of the young generation. To them the very dialect of the æsthetics of Victoria's times has become unintelligible. Underneath is the gigantic and laughing figure of W. E. Henley, taken in 1892, when he was putting his whole pith into the *National Observer* and certainly not under the slightest doubt

SIR HENRY LUCY, 1909.



W. S. GILBERT, 1881.



W. E. HENLEY, 1892.



RUDYARD KIPLING, 1894.

"Yes, it suits you very well as some people do in wearing it."

that his name, at any rate, was one for all time. His personality is indeed immortal, but the rest of him is suspended between Valhalla and oblivion.

What a number of men who were prominent in their day are scarcely remembered now! One of the most conspicuous examples is that of Colonel Fred Burnaby of whom "Spy" made such a delightful cartoon—large, smiling, self-complacent—it seemed as though his fame would never die. From Valhalla we fancy him looking on with surprise, not to say amazement, but perhaps he is less astonished than Lord Haldon, to catch whom was reckoned to be one of the great feats of the cartoonist. It is amusing now to read of the wiles by which he was drawn into the snare. The first difficulty was to get him to put on his eyeglass, as it was universally held that Lord Haldon was nothing without his eyeglass. A fair temptress managed to secure this in a fashion that would have done credit to Eve herself.

After some preliminary conversation she began:

"Oh, Lord Haldon, I see you have an eyeglass, do you ever wear it? Sometimes an eyeglass improves a man's appearance immensely, I should like to see how you look in one."

"Oh, yes," he said, "I sometimes wear it!" And so he put it into his right eye.

You don't make such faces

He was flattered.

"Now, I'd just love to see if you look as nice with it in the left eye."

The obedient young man, mollified by her flattery, did all he was told, while I made good use of my eyes.

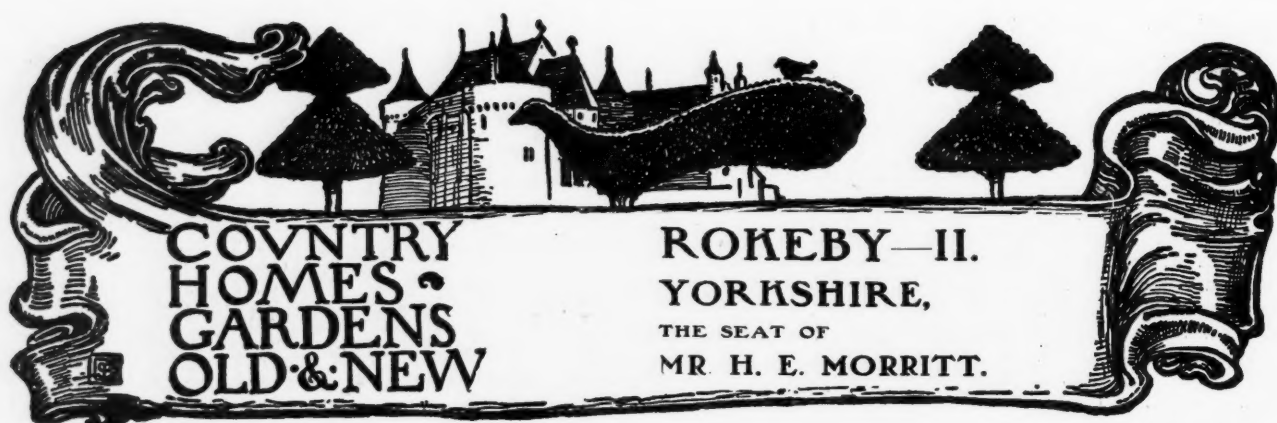
To-day Lord Haldon claims attention chiefly as a dude of the ages, one of the first water. Admiration of his high collar, his wide shirt-front, his very tight waistcoat and tighter trousers called for admiration mixed with curiosity as to the way in which he managed to sit, move, stand or change his position without splitting some of those garments.



RICHARD WAGNER, 1877.



THE ABBE LISZT, 1886.



THE breakfast-room, with a description of which last week's article closed, is on the left hand of the low, pillared entrance hall, which occupies the whole space under the saloon. It was not of great importance when the ceremonious entrance was up the exterior flights of steps to the saloon. But when, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the Morricts removed those steps, put up the Doric portico (Fig. 1) and made the ground floor door the principal way in, they also left their mark on the hall, of which the general aspect gives the impression of belonging to their time rather than to that of the builder of the house. To the right of it is a library corresponding to the breakfast-room, and at the back it opens on to a wide vestibule, having a rotunda at its west end, while to the east it gives access to the staircase hall. The staircase is spacious, as befits the ascent to the principal storey, but such good Georgian qualities as it possesses are somewhat obscured by a later "picking out" with colour

and gilding. By far the best bit of work done by the Morricts is the dining-room (Fig. 6), occupying the principal space in one of the wings. It is a well completed example of the style that Robert Adam made fashionable. The half dome of the fireplace recess is an elaborate composition very typical at once of the virtues and defects of the style, of its elegant motifs and refined composition, but also of its "all overishness"—an attempt to gain restfulness not by large, plain spaces, but by a pervading repetition of low relief ornament. The coves of the niches, the door heads, the Venetian window, the ceiling and frieze, all exhibit plaster and woodwork of good quality, forming a quite harmonious whole. The Roman busts in the niches and the marble mantelpiece, with lengthened consoles topped with rams' heads supporting the entablature in place of pilasters, are *en suite*. Table, sideboard and chairs are all apt, but advantage of Adam's successful labour in designing lanterns and chandeliers has, unfortunately, not been taken.

There are bedrooms with good mantelpieces and other details of Sir Thomas Robinson's time, and much good furniture which must have been included in the sale to Mr. Morrict, as well as other pieces added by him and his son. In the breakfast-room is a set of a dozen mid-eighteenth century arm-chairs, square, simple, severe, but of a good and unusual design, as well as the stools and gilt side table that appeared in the illustration. There are similar little quiet side tables at Houghton as well as the often illustrated elaborate Kent examples, which have a more modest counterpart in the Rokeby saloon standing opposite the chimney-piece and under the place on the wall where once the "Venus" hung and where a very good copy of it is now placed. Kent's influence may likewise be traced in the writing table (Fig. 7), which is richer and bolder in ornamentation and somewhat earlier in feeling than the one, in other respects extremely similar, which Chippendale made and "completely finished in the most elegant taste" for Nostell Priory in 1767.

That was two years before financial difficulties had caused Sir Thomas Robinson to sell Rokeby, much to the annoyance, no doubt, of his brother and heir, the Archbishop, who took the Rokeby title when he was raised to the Irish peerage. The purchaser was John Sawrey Morrict, of whom his epitaph



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1.—THE CENTRE OF THE SOUTH FRONT.

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2.—WITHIN THE PORTICO.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—THE RUINS OF EGLISTON PRIORY.

"C.L."



Copyright.

4.—THE GRETA FLOWS TO MEET THE TEES.

"C.L."



Copyright.

5.—THE GREAT BOWES TOMB.

"C.L."

in Rokeby Church tells us that he was "the eldest son of Bacon Morritt of Cawood by Anne Sawrey of Plimpton in Furness." During his twenty-two years of ownership he effected certain alterations and enlargements, though there was something left to be done by his better known son. John Bacon Sawrey Morritt was just coming of age when he succeeded his father in 1791. After graduating at Cambridge three years later, he went abroad and became one of the earliest and most extensive Greek travellers of his generation. In Greece and Asia Minor he spent two years, so that his voice was held to be authoritative when he raised it in defence of the existence of Troy. This had been denied by Jacob Bryant, the old antiquary who had been Master of the Ordnance to the third Duke of Marlborough at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, and who spent much of his subsequent life in the Blenheim Library. His Homeric studies culminated in 1796 with a "Dissertation concerning the War of Troy," contending that there never had been such a war or such a city. Young Morritt, just back from the spot, entered the lists against him and won the esteem and friendship of the lovers of classic art and literature such as Richard Payne Knight, whose building of Downton Castle has recently been our theme (COUNTRY LIFE, July 14th, 1917).

Poets and scientists, such as Southey and Davy, were also his friends, while his relationship with Sir Walter Scott was not merely literary but political, for as Tory Member for Beverley, Morritt was sympathetic to the leading Scotch antagonist of the Edinburgh Reviewers. "A man unequalled in the mixture of sound, good sense, high literary cultivation and the kindest and sweetest temper that ever graced a human bosom," was Scott's verdict on Morritt, whose guest he was at Rokeby in 1809. A fortnight's sojourn convinced him that it was a most delightful and enviable place; its wild woodlands, romantic gorges, rushing waters and hoary ruins riveted his attention, and his mind began peopling them with the characters of a turbulent and picturesque past such as he chose for his themes. The idea matured slowly, but in December, 1811, he wrote to Morritt: "I have a grand project to tell you of. Nothing less than a fourth romance in verse; the theme during the English Civil Wars



Copyright.

6.—THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Charles I, and the scene your own domain of Rokeby." He asks for information as to the annals of Barnard Castle and the Tees district at that time. But historic truth is less important to him than legendary lore: "Pray help me in this, by truth or fiction or tradition—I care not which, if it be picturesque." He also asks details of a domestic tragedy connected with "your old house at Mortham and the ghost thereunto appertaining." Morritt at once replies that "the lady for whose ghost you enquire at Rokeby has been so buried in uncertainty, you may make what you like of her." She was either a Rokeby heiress murdered in the woods of the Greta by a greedy collateral, or a Lady Rokeby shot in the walks by robbers; until a parson, by talking Latin, induced the unquiet spirit to bury itself in the stream under the bridge. It used to appear "without a head, indeed, but with many of its advantages, for she had

long hair on her shoulders, and eyes, nose and mouth in her breast." Let Scott come and "we can summon a synod of the oldest women in the country and you shall cross-examine them as much as you please." The next summer Scott came and demanded a "good robber's cave and an old church of the right sort" as necessary scenes for his poetic drama. He was provided with the ancient quarries at Brignal and with the ruins of Egliston Priory. His romance might be legendary and unhistoric, but his descriptions must be accurate. These were not days when either garden or wild flora received any general attention, and Morritt spoke lightly of the trouble Scott was at to take notes of "the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs" that grew on the crag by the "cave." Surely a primrose and a violet were all that a poet need mention? But Scott lectured him on the merits of detailed accuracy in description and noticing the profusion with



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7.—WRITING-TABLE IN THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which *Campanula latifolia* grew on the river bank he makes Bertram lie down

Where purple heath profusely strown,
And throatwort with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme his cushion swell.

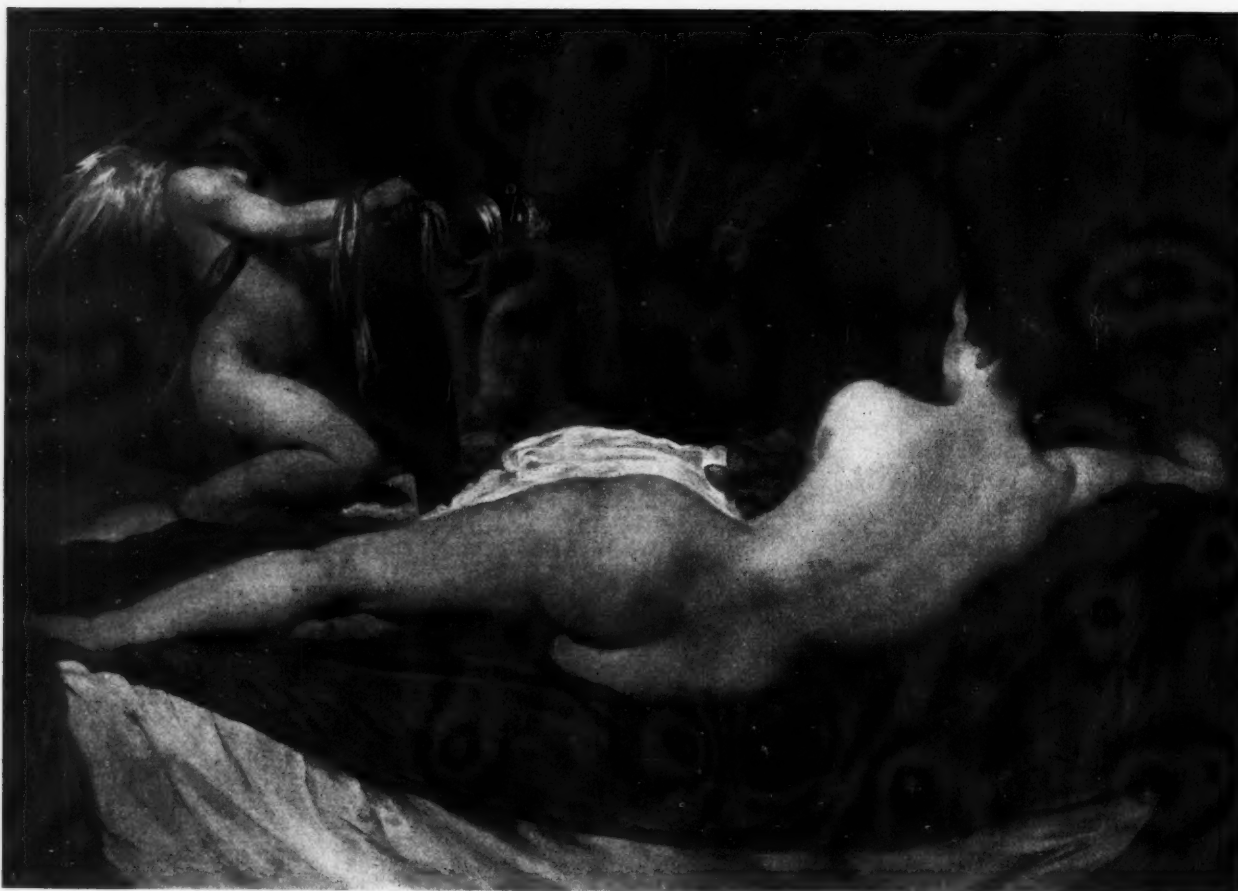
Morritt had rightly pointed out to Scott that the Civil Wars were not a favourable moment for a romance founded on the knights of Rokeby, who were then "ruining themselves ignobly, whereas during the Wars of the Roses they had been of high rank and fair domain." But Scott had finally decided on his plot and chose the moment after the battle of Marston Moor when a state of semi-anarchy might permit local feuds and enmities to break out in armed assaults under cover of Cavalier or Roundhead banners. But if he dates in 1644, he revives conditions that prevailed before 1312, before a Rokeby replaced a Mortham at Mortham by marriage with the heiress and, his own habitation being laid waste, transferred himself to his wife's acres and built there anew as we saw last week. Scott introduces us to both Morthams and Rokebys as still neighbours in the seventeenth century, and where, at the time of the action of his poem there remained only "the groundells of the walls," and in his own time stood his

For their huge boughs in arches bent
Above a massive monument,
Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise,
With many a scutcheon and device.

The "old church of the right sort" (Fig. 3) he uses for his final scene, where the wicked are punished and the good rewarded:

The reverend pile lay wild and waste,
Profaned, dishonoured, and defaced.
Through storied lattices no more
In softened light the sunbeams pour,
Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich
Of shrine and monument and niche.
The civil fury of the time
Made sport of sacrilegious crime;
For dark Fanaticism rent
Altar, and screen, and ornament,
And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew
Of Bowes, of Rokeby and Fitz-Hugh.

When Scott paid his first visit to Rokeby in 1809 the famous Velasquez picture (Fig. 8) had recently arrived. Morritt had acquired it in the previous year and made it an heirloom. Thus it passed with Rokeby to his nephew and



8.—ROKEBY VENUS.

friend Morritt's classic mansion, he places "Rokeby's turrets high," but does not further describe them. At Mortham he still had the real thing before him and pictures it in verse:

'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
On battled tower and portal gray,
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Greta flow to meet the Tees;
Where issuing from her darksome bed,
She caught the morning's Eastern red,
And through the softening vale below
Rolled her bright waves in rosy glow.

To a wood-girt field by Mortham (Fig. 5) Morritt had moved the huge Bowes tomb that Leland had noted at Eglinton. The top is gone and we do not know whether recumbent figures ever stretched their length on its immense surface of 11ft. by 5ft. 8ins. The sides, with alternate shields and niches for statues in its compartments, are shown in the picture as Scott saw and describes them:

South of the gate, an arrow flight,
Two mighty elms their limbs unite,
As if a canopy, to spread
O'er the lone dwelling of the dead:

heir in 1843, and, except for being exhibited in Manchester in 1857, and subsequently at Burlington House, remained hanging in the saloon as the central object of the wall opposite to the chimneypiece, until in 1905 it was sold by Mr. H. E. Morritt, a great-nephew of the purchaser, under order of Court of Chancery, for £30,500. There was much negotiation before ultimately, in the following January, it was acquired for the sum of £45,000 by the National Art Collections Fund and presented to the National Gallery. In the interval it had been exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery and had been a subject of hot controversy. Was it by Velázquez; did it represent Venus; had it been in a fire and largely repainted? Mr. Claude Phillips took great pains to establish its origin and history, and his conclusions may be accepted as correct. There were three mythological pictures by Velázquez in the Alcázar when it was consumed by fire in 1734. One of these was a "Psyche and Cupid," and later authorities held that it had escaped total destruction and was identical with the Rokeby "Venus." But, in the first place, the "Psyche and Cupid" was only about half the size of the picture now in the National Gallery, and, in the second place, a "Venus and Cupid" by the master was "one of the

treasures of the House of Alba before the eighteenth century." It had passed to them, with many other precious possessions, by the marriage of the Duque de Alba with the heiress of the Duque de Olivarez, in whose inventory, dated 1688, we read that: "These deserve mention . . . a 'Venus' of life size reclining nude, with a child who holds up for her a mirror into which she gazes. This picture of 'Venus' is an original work by Don Diego Velazquez." It is mentioned as belonging to Olivarez in 1682, and very likely did so as soon as it left the great painter's easel about 1655. It long continued in the possession of the Albas, but at the beginning of the nineteenth century it had passed to Godoy, "Prince of Peace," the statesman who did most to hand Spain over to

Napoleon in 1808. He thus aroused popular hatred against himself. After he left Madrid for Bayonné the populace of Madrid rose, and it was through this event that in that year the picture reached Rokeby. Far from having suffered in a fire it proved on examination to be in surprisingly good condition. It was neither in Spain nor at Rokeby that deep injury befell it, but in London, after it came to the National Gallery, the "villain of the piece" being a stupid and hysterical woman who imagined that slashing with a knife this precious national possession was a glorious step towards obtaining the suffrage for her sex. Though still owned by Mr. H. E. Morritt, the house and shootings are rented by Mr. Jardine Bell-Irvin. H. AVRAY TIPPING.

"THE WESTERN FRONT"

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MR. MUIRHEAD BONE, in Part IX. of "The Western Front," has given a record that will increase in value as the years go by of the soldier's life and the soldier's surroundings on the western front. "Soldier's Travel" is the title chosen by the annotator for his disquisition, and it is very apt and appropriate. Six of the drawings are of ships, and they are a very essential part of travel. Of the rest, every place drawn is one which a single British private might have seen on his way to the front, in his marching to and fro behind it, at his rest billets and, if he were hit, on his way to a home hospital. In one we have a typical French village in a valley behind the British front. It was done at the time when the spring blossom was coming on the trees, and the contrast is obvious between the fresh sylvan scene and the woe-begone landscapes and ruined houses which are left behind the German advance. The next is a square in Arras, one which many visitors will decide to be the most melancholy place in the city. It was not ruined, but the houses were hit by shells and the public kept so completely away that the place was overgrown with weeds and grass. The next is a view of Albert from the west, showing the great highway which runs from Rouen through Amiens, Albert, Pozières, Le Sars and Bapaume to Mons and Valenciennes. The bit of it seen in the drawing was hidden by a screen hung from tree to tree to hide the traffic to and from Albert. Then we have a railhead, one of the points from which the Army is supplied with food and munitions; An

Officer's Billet, a beautiful example of the French architecture of its time; Hesdin, with a town hall in architecture that must look very familiar to the English soldier; next comes Transport Horses in a French Orchard; an A.S.C. Dump; and a Ruin at Villers Carbonnel—all scenes with which the eye of the soldier has become familiar. It is altogether a very charming number.



HESDIN.

DIGGING THE HEART OUT OF BELGIUM



"COAL MINES AND FURNACES IN FULL BLAST FOR US."



"BELGIAN WOMEN PUSHING COAL TRUCKS."



"AT THE MOUTH OF A PIT, SHOWING A BELGIAN WOMAN PUSHING A COAL TRUCK."

FROM time to time we have been able to publish photographs taken by Germans and published in Germany for the exclusive use of the German people. Without exception these have been remarkable, but none of them more so than those which accompany this article. The object actually stated on the photographs was to help the propaganda for the popularisation of the war in Germany. They should be studied in connection with a remarkable letter in the *Times* of September 18th under the title of "Slavery in Belgium." It will be remembered that about the beginning of the year the Kaiser made a pretence of yielding to the protest of several neutral States and of the Pope by abolishing the system of deporting Belgian men and women. But the case was only one of pretending. Instead of carrying the Belgian workers to Germany and forcing them to toil there for their conquerors, they now have instituted a system of enforced labour in Belgium itself which is in no perceptible degree different from abject slavery. The *Times* correspondent tells us that after the Kaiser's promise in February last that deported men should be sent back to their homes, "only a small proportion of these workers were repatriated, most of them completely exhausted and unable to do further work." Further pressure was exercised, and at last it was officially announced that every Belgian who did not volunteer to remain in Germany would be returned to his native country. At the same time great pressure was used to induce the men to sign an agreement to remain with the Huns. Ultimately a proportion of those who had resisted threats and promises were sent home. The correspondent states that those who returned to the Mons district in the army zone were either compelled to work for the Germans on the railway, to do other military work, or go back to Germany. Most of these workers after a short stay in Belgium were called up again and, whether they had found employment or not, were carried back. But our photographs show that the unlawful rulers of Belgium made no hesitation about forcing the natives of the neutral State they had barbarously invaded to work for them; and it is characteristic of the country that these photographs should be issued as an appeal to the basest instinct of mankind.

"Belgian Miners Working Coal for Us" is the title of one of the pictures, and it might be applied to all. The worst feature is that the German propagandists delight in showing how female labour was exploited. It would not be true to say that they have set women to do work which they never did before. In Belgium it has long been the custom for tasks to be set to female hands that are regarded as unfit for them in this country. The trousers and general dress of the women were not made yesterday, but point to the sort of work they were called upon to perform. The point is that the Germans evidently believed that they would win the heart of the population by showing these women working for Germany in the rough clothes usual at the pit mouth. "Belgian Women Pushing Coal Trucks" is a translation of the German title of one of the photographs; "At the Mouth of a Pit, showing a Belgian Woman Pushing a Coal Truck," is another; "Belgian Women Carting Coal" is a third; "Male and Female Belgians Loading Coal Trucks" is a fourth. Now, it scarcely requires anyone to explain the significance of all this, because it must be clear to everyone who has paid even a cursory attention to the history of the war. The original plea of Bethmann-Hollweg was that the march through Belgium was only justified by the principle that necessity knows no law, and in the early days of the war it was definitely stated that King Albert and his subjects had committed no breach of neutrality. The only excuse for invading Belgium was that therein lay the swiftest road to the administration of a knock-out blow to France. It was a defiance of International law, an outrage to a peaceful State, and a callous disregard of pain inflicted upon an otherwise inoffensive country with the sole idea of deriving advantage in a war with an entirely different nation.

Now, suppose that the very extraordinary claims made by Bethmann-Hollweg and his colleagues were admitted, namely, that a scrap of paper could be torn into little bits and the obligations to a neutral State disregarded simply because that State was small and weak in comparison with its neighbour. Still there remained the obligation of common honesty. Suppose that a robber was intent on getting to the house of his enemy, and to do so found it necessary to smash through the little cottage which lay between, he would increase the depth of his



"BELGIAN MINERS WORKING COAL FOR US."



"BELGIAN WOMEN CARTING COAL."



"MALE AND FEMALE BELGIANS LOADING COAL TRUCKS."

infamy enormously if, after doing that, he set about stealing the goods of his poor neighbour; and would touch the lowest depth of degradation if, club in hand, he forced this neighbour to prepare the said goods for transport to his own house. But that is exactly what Germany has done. After violating the integrity of Belgium her soldiery were empowered to collect the food and minerals of the country and send them home. Nay, even more, they were permitted to enter homes, collect the furniture and other goods, and load their booty on trucks for despatch to Berlin or the other cities of the Empire.

In these photographs we see them not only doing this, but glorying in the fact that they have been able to force

the Belgians to extract their own coal from the bosom of the earth, load it on trucks, and despatch it for use in the Fatherland. The pages of history would be ransacked in vain for the discovery of an outrage equally brutal or half so callous and cynical. It can never have dawned on the German propagandists that these photographs, which were made for the purpose of popularising the war in Germany, would be published and commented upon by those who live in a country which, whatever may be its faults, has never paltered with slavery. It has been long the proud boast of Englishmen that wherever the British Flag flies men are free. The Germans, apparently, have a long way to go before they reach that stage in culture and civilisation.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

The Life of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., M.P. Begun by Stephen Gwynn, M.P.; completed and edited by Gertrude M. Tuckwell. (John Murray.)

BORN in 1843 and dying in 1911, Sir Charles W. Dilke may be said to have lived through the Victorian Era. At his birth the country was only in process of recovery from the intermittent Continental wars which ended with Waterloo, and at his death the country was already feeling the close atmosphere and distant rumbling which preluded a war which dwarfed and outdid the horrors of any that had gone before. During his active years he was in the heart and centre of British politics. Had he not at the most critical point of his career by ill-conduct or evil fortune become involved in one of the most unsavoury divorce cases ever brought before an English Law Court, he in all likelihood would have become Prime Minister, and if not, would still have exercised a predominant power in shaping the policy of this country. The moral question we do not propose to discuss, but as a political force it caused a serious loss to this country. Sir Charles was a downright Radical who worked in his prime with Joseph Chamberlain, and formed one of a pair who were the bugbears of their day to those who held by the ancient ways. But Conservatives will recall this feature of his career without animosity. They will reflect that Dilke was never a pusillanimous extremist. He enjoyed the distinction of being almost the only prominent Radical of his day who ceaselessly studied foreign politics and was therefore under no delusion in regard to the possibilities of war which flecked the blue sky of Victorian peace. In later days the possibilities became probabilities and even certainties. From what direction the storm would come he did not pretend to prophesy, but he consistently advocated preparation and readiness for it, a Navy powerful enough to safeguard our interests on the sea and a sufficient Army. He was no Little Englander.

In a tightly packed book running to some twelve hundred pages so many topics are raised that it would be vain to attempt discussing a tithe of them in one article. The book is as important a contribution to the history of our time as Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and no one who wishes to master the intricacies of Victorian political history can afford to leave it unread. We can glance only at a few interesting sidelights, and the most important of these falls upon Bismarck, the master-figure of the age. If a shred of doubt remained as to the original cause of the declaration of war in 1870 it would be set at rest in these pages. One of the first great adventures of Sir Charles was staged in the theatre of war. Once while championing Army Reform a military member rudely interrupted with a sneer at his being a civilian. Sir Charles was able to retort, "I have been on more battle-fields than the honourable and gallant member has seen." He alluded to Wörth, Phalsbourg, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, Orleans, Longwy, Bapaume and Paris. In regard to the origin of the war he gives the following most interesting statement:

... it so happens that I have been able at various periods to discuss with the most absolute freedom the history of this period with the five men who knew most of it—Bismarck, Emile Ollivier, Gambetta, Nigra, and Casa La'glesia (at that time Rancez), the Spanish diplomatist, afterwards three times Spanish Minister in London.

The question which I often discussed with Gambetta, with Ollivier, with Nigra, with Rancez, until, in September, 1889, Bismarck's frank admissions settled the matter in my mind for good, has been one of the most disputed points in modern history.

... The King of Prussia, on July 13th (1870), refused to give assurance for the future, in simple and dignified language which meant peace. His

telegram to Berlin was one of 200 words. Bismarck told me, when I was staying with him in September, 1889, that he was with Moltke and von Roon when it was received by them at Berlin, and that he deliberately altered the telegram by cutting it down "from a telegram of 200 words which meant peace into a telegram of 20 words which meant war;" and in this form it was placarded throughout North Germany in every village.

I discussed repeatedly with Gambetta the incidents of the Cabinet at St. Cloud on the 14th (July, 1870). Gambetta proved to me that on the 14th the mobilization order was given by the Minister of War, and that on the same day the order was itself ordered by the Cabinet to be countermanded.

In 1889 Dilke visited Bismarck at Friedrichsruh, and in letters home vividly describes the man of blood and iron living the simple life in the country. It was indeed a simple life. Only one liveried servant attended the Prince. No evening clothes. Bismarck only put on a swallowtail once in his life and hated it; none of the beer and champagne associated with the Chancellor, but beer only for the household and a thin Mosel for the guests. After a most entertaining sketch of the dinner Sir Charles goes on to tell how

Other points which struck me in the manners and customs of Friedrichsruh were that the Chancellor invariably took a barrel of beer out driving, and stopped halfway in the afternoon and insisted on his guests consuming it out of a two-handled mug which appeared from under the coachman's seat. I had some talk with him about the wisdom of his going unprotected for great distances through the woods, and he answered: "But I am not unprotected," and showed me a pistol which he carried, but, of course, a man with a blunderbuss behind a tree might easily have killed him. He never takes a servant on the box by the side of the coachman, and generally drives entirely alone. He rides alone without a groom, and walks alone with only his dog, or rather the forester's dog, the daughter of the Reichshund, who walks six or seven miles every morning to go out with him and six or seven miles every night to come to dinner.

One of the most amusing bits in the book is Schouvalof's account of the famous Berlin Congress, the one after the Russo-Turkish War from which Beaconsfield brought back Peace with Honour. It was at a dinner party given by Sir William Harcourt at his own house. The Russian Minister was in high glee. Dilke writes:

Schouvalof was very funny. He gave us a fancy picture of the whole Congress of Berlin. He described almost every member of the Congress, standing up at the table speaking English when he did Lord Beaconsfield, and mimicking the Prime Minister's grave manner with absurdly comical effect.

Schouvalof carried on violent discussions between Lord Beaconsfield, speaking English, and Gortschakof, speaking French, about various boundary questions, and brought in Bismarck every minute or two as a chorus, the Chancellor stalking up and down the room with his arms folded, and growling in a deep voice: "Eh bien, messieurs, arrangez-vous; car, si vous ne vous arrangez pas, demain je pars pour Kissingen." Under this Bismarckian pressure Schouvalof, after making us shriek for half an hour, brought his Congress to an end. . . . In a confidential talk with me afterwards, Schouvalof said: "I have known many rude people, but I never knew anyone so rude as was Bismarck was at the Congress. I happened to name our poor clients, the Montenegrins, when Bismarck roared at me: "Je ne veux pas entendre parler de ces gens-là."

Equally intimate are the touches which bring before us home politics and home politicians. Before the Home Rule rupture and the Crawford divorce Chamberlain and Dilke were hand in glove, both of them ostensibly the lieutenants of Gladstone, but burning with rivalry. Cynics will smile over the political scramble for loaves and fishes in 1880. Who won the General Election which sent Lord Beaconsfield into the cold shades of Opposition? Dilke thought Sir William Harcourt had more to do with it than anybody else.

Sir William Harcourt was too diffident, as his brilliant speeches at Oxford and elsewhere, full of epigrams, had more effect on the electorate than any others—not even excepting Mr. Gladstone's speeches in his Midlothian campaign.

Chamberlain claimed the victory for the Radicals and claimed also the fruits of victory. But it is an old saying that the

spectator sees most of the game, and the detached observer would not hesitate to ascribe the victory to the extraordinary display of energy by the "Grand Old Man," the G.O.M. of his friends and the W.E.G. of certain literary cliques. Sir Charles Dilke writes almost too much from the inside, but that is a very pardonable fault in one who has laid bare the secret history of politics during a time of extraordinary activity. There is much more in the volume, both grave and gay, that we would like to have quoted and commented on, but we must leave to the reader the pleasure of discovery. One example will suffice to whet the reader for much more that he will find in the two volumes. The poet Swinburne appears for one vital moment in these variegated pages. The date is 1877, one that should be remembered because the life at The Pines was still in the future and Swinburne was in the wildest of his days. The description in the following paragraph is to the life of that time, and the closing sentence is, of course, ironical:

A wreck of glasses attests the presence of Swinburne. He compared himself to Dante; repeatedly named himself with Shelley and Dante, to the exclusion of all other poets; assured me that he was a great man only because he had been properly flogged at Eton, the last time for reading "The Scarlet Letter" when he should have been reading Greek; confessed to never having read Helvétius, though he talked of Diderot and Rousseau, and finally informed me that two glasses of green Chartreuse were a perfect antidote to one of yellow, or two of yellow to one of green. It was immediately after this that Theodore Watts-Dunton took charge of him and reduced him to absolute respectability.

The Red Planet, by William J. Locke. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)

MR. LOCKE'S latest novel, the twentieth which he has offered to an admiring public, is, as its title suggests, a story of the Great War; not of the great war as it appears to the man in the trenches, but as it shows in the eyes of the inhabitants of a small country town—a popular view point for our more serious and non-combatant novelists. Mr. Locke tells his tale through the mouth of one Major Meredyth, doomed to the stay-at-home's part by injuries received in the Boer War—"a sort of affray behind an anthill," as he terms it, comparing it with the Armageddon of to-day. This method of narration has at once its recommendations and its drawbacks, since the Major so obtaining a place in the story cannot be left merely as a mouthpiece, and now and then his

self-revelation has a curiously irritating effect and his dilations upon the difficulty of writing the book are not balanced by any urgent reason why he should write it; in fact, if he really had done so, common decency would have obliged him to keep it unpublished. The Major's second marriage, pleasant as it is to contemplate, plausible as he makes it, is, we almost suspect, a complaisance on Mr. Locke's part to the supposed demand for a happy ending; and that said, we have nothing but praise to add. *The Red Planet* is a real "Locke novel," and that in itself is no small praise. The plot is such that without spoiling the reader's interest it is difficult to indicate it adequately. We may say that it is largely concerned with the failures and successes of a man who was at once a devout lover and the possessor of a strong animal nature—a physical coward or moral hero who could achieve at times the double heroism of disdaining danger and the promptings of his own craven heart. Leonard Boyce becomes a tragic figure, and in the end, almost as it were in spite of Major Meredyth's original aversion, which he succeeds in handing on to his readers, he wins both the crippled soldier's regard and ours. In his sorrowful and sordid story—how delicately Mr. Locke can handle a sordid theme everyone knows—are involved Betty Fairfax, charming "Woman of the Great War," Marigold of the one beautiful eye, Meredyth's faithful servant, brave little Sir Anthony Fenimore, and a number of other people, if not equally delightful, at least as convincingly drawn. The war with that new consciousness of nationality which it has quickened in us, together with a new sympathy for other nationalities, which is, after all, not the contradiction it seems, has made us a little sensitive as to our appearance in foreign eyes. We can say with confidence that *The Red Planet* represents truly, for foe and friend alike and for posterity, the way in which Englishmen and Englishwomen of the true stock are facing the fears and sorrows of the war.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Pirate Bridge, by R. F. Foster. (McBride, Nash, 5s.)
Drones, by William Cane. (Methuen, 5s.)
Just Outside, by Stacy Aumonier. (Methuen, 5s.)
Home Life in the Balkans, by Lucy M. T. Garnett. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)
The Shadow of a Great Light, by Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson, 6s.)
Tarryan of the Apes, by Edgar Price Burroughs. (Methuen, 5s. 6d.)
A Bolt from the East, by G. F. Turner. (Methuen, 2s. 6d.)
Christine, by Alice Cholmondeley. (Macmillan, 6s.)
Emily Does Her Best, by Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)
The New Eve, by "Fish." (The Bodley Head, 3s.)
Form, No. II, Vol. I. (John Lane, 6s.)
The Garment of Immortality, by Alice and Claude Askew. (John Long, 6s.)
Dead Yesterday, by Amy J. Baker. (John Long, 6s.)
The Gipsy King, by May Wynne. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

IN THE GARDEN

STORING VEGETABLES.

MANY amateurs who have been successful in growing excellent crops of vegetables are now at a loss to know how to store them for winter use, and it is for their benefit that the following notes have been written. Winter vegetables appear to be plentiful in all parts of the country this season. This is good news, since it offers every opportunity in storing. For small quantities of vegetables a cool, dry, frost-proof shed is the best store, but as a rule indoor space is none too plentiful, and where large quantities have to be dealt with, a clamp, hog or pie must be made in the open.

In many small houses there is a space beneath the roof which, in the absence of more convenient storage room, may be used. In such cases the roots may be stored in boxes stood on boards on the rafters and covered with old sacking or several layers of crumpled newspapers. In severe weather it would be necessary to give the boxes further protection against frost. Where cellars are used great attention should be paid to ventilation. If the cellar has a dry earth floor the roots may be laid directly on it, but if damp, the vegetables should be stored in boxes resting on bricks.

All root vegetables keep best when stored in complete darkness—in the case of the Potato this is of the utmost importance. We have seen large quantities of Potatoes spoil for cooking purposes this year through being placed in light sheds without covering, whereas if straw, sacks or any other covering had been laid over the heap it would have saved the tubers from turning green and distasteful. In some cases it is recommended to store roots in sand. This may either be done in boxes or by placing the roots in layers and covering them with layers of sand. The sand should be neither dry nor wet, but simply moist.

Tap-rooting vegetables, such as Turnips, Carrots and Beetroot should be lifted with great care. Beetroot will bleed if damaged, and this leads not only to a loss in colour, but also to loss in food value. Loss through bleeding may also take place when the tops are cut off too near to the crowns. The common practice of storing Beetroots in sand with their tops twisted off is not so good as the lesser-known practice described below of laying in the plants and tops and covering with soil in the open, but the roots must always be kept well covered. A garden fork should be used in lifting tap-rooted vegetables and the soil must be well loosened before attempting to draw out the roots.

Potatoes.—Great care should be given to the storage of Potatoes. Last winter and spring many tons of Potatoes were

ruined by frost and disease. Where the crops have not been lifted they should be dug up on the first possible opportunity, choosing a dry, sunny day for the work. Only sound tubers should be stored; any that are damaged in lifting should be put aside for immediate use. In sorting and grading, all tubers which show the slightest trace of disease should be picked out and destroyed, for if left they become a serious source of contamination to sound Potatoes. The system of storing large quantities of Potatoes in clamps was described in a recent issue. There is also a splendid leaflet issued on this subject by the Board of Agriculture and it may be had free of charge on application to 4, Whitehall Place. Readers would be doing valuable service if they distributed this leaflet among those who wish to store Potatoes for winter use and are not sure of the best way to do so. In passing, we would emphasise the importance of making a clamp in a dry place. It should be 3ft. 6ins. wide and long enough to take the Potatoes to be stored. All Potatoes should be stored by the end of this month. Cover the sides and ends of the clamp with a layer of long straw 4ins. in thickness, taking care that the lower ends of the straw are pressed close to the ground, for it is along the edge of the clamp that frost most often gets in. In order to keep off rain, a covering of long straw is placed over the ridge so that the ends overlap the straw at the sides. The straw is covered with about 3ins. of soil. When disease is present the clamps should be turned over in about three weeks' time and lime should be sprinkled among the tubers in the process. At the approach of winter the clamp must be covered with a thick coating of soil taken out from along the sides. As the result of digging a drainage trench a foot or so wide and 6ins. deep is made around the clamp. An outlet should then be cut to take away any surface water that may collect there. In a moderate winter 6ins. of earth is sufficient to give protection against frost, but in a severe winter at least 8ins. or 10ins. should be given. It should be remembered, however, that too much soil encourages the stored Potatoes to grow in the clamp. Finally put a thick layer of short litter along the ridge.

Beetroot.—This crop will not stand severe frost, and if the roots are left in open quarters without some form of protection they will certainly be subject to serious injury. At the same time the flavour is best when the roots are taken fresh from the ground. In order to have the roots in the best condition in winter we have found it an excellent plan to lift the roots in late September or early October and to lay them in trenches in the open. The roots should be laid on their sides

in a slanting direction with leaves intact and deep enough to bury the crowns about 2 ins. beneath the surface. It is, of course, necessary to exercise the greatest care not to injure the roots in the process of lifting and storing. Cover the roots with soil and in severe weather protect the crowns with long litter or leaves. In this way we have kept Beetroot in crisp and healthy condition through many winters. A common method of storing Beetroot is to twist off the tops and carefully lay out the roots in a shed, then cover with dry sand. The stump-rooted Beet should be used first as, the long-rooted type will keep much better.

Sugar Beet.—This is a very hardy crop, and will take care of itself through the winter. However, it is usual to lift the roots when the under leaves turn yellow, that is, in October. Sugar Beet is a valuable winter vegetable, and of greater food value than almost any other crop except the Potato. It may be used in the same way as ordinary Beet, although its Mangold-like flavour does not appeal to all. The roots must be dug carefully with a fork and stored like ordinary Beetroot.

Turnips and Swedes.—These do not store particularly well, but may be kept for months in a shed or dry cellar by placing the roots in heaps after cutting off the tops and covering with dry straw or other litter. They may also be lifted in October and stored under shelter or in clamps in the open. It is as important that they should be protected from rain as from frost. The clamps need only to be covered with soil, but Bracken or litter should be added in frosty weather.

Carrots.—These are best lifted in October or November and stored in dry sand or in a cool, dark shed or cellar without sand. They may also be clamped like Beetroot or Potatoes. June-sown Carrots will continue to grow through the greater part of the winter, and may be left in the ground. The matured crops should be lifted, or they will split in the ground. If sand is not available, they may be stored in finely sifted ashes, or

they may be placed in heaps in the open and covered with any light material underneath a thick coating of soil.

Parsnips.—This very hardy vegetable is best left in the ground until required for use. Parsnips are, in fact, improved by frosty weather. At the same time it is advisable to cover the crowns with leaves in very severe weather. Where the ground is required for other purposes, the roots should be lifted in October or November and stored like Carrots.

Scorzenera and Salsify.—The former should be left and dug as required, like the Parsnip. Salsify should be taken up in October and stored in sand indoors.

Onions and Shallots.—After ripening in the sun the large Onions should be plaited together in ropes and hung up under the roof of a cool shed. The smaller Onions and Shallots should be spread out thinly on shelves or on a boarded floor, but it is important that they should be given a dry, airy place.

Leeks.—The hardy Leek is best kept where growing, and lifted when required for use. If the Leeks have matured early they may be lifted and stored in moist soil in a shed or outhouse.

Celery.—This crop should also be left till required for use. It is improved by frost so long as the hearts are protected from excessive rains.

Kohl Rabi and Celeriac.—Both may be stored in heaps in cellars or sheds and covered with straw or Bracken.

Jerusalem Artichokes.—There is no need to lift the tubers until February or March. They should then be stored in a very cool place to prevent the tubers from growing out. The Jerusalem Artichoke does not keep well if lifted in the autumn and stored in sand, and should therefore be left alone.

Marrows.—Cut the Marrows when ripe and hang them up in a cool, dry place; they will keep for many months. They keep well in a dry room and can be made into jam or used for pies or cooking at will. As they are plentiful this season, good opportunity is offered of prolonging the supply. H. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The upshot of the interesting synopsis of expert opinion upon the future of the British motor industry, published in last week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, appears to show that these authorities all more or less envisage two policies, *i.e.*, (1) Amalgamation; (2) A protective tariff. The arguments in favour of the first are set forth with clearness, and require nothing more to recommend them. As to the second I say nothing, except to ask reasonable men what is the remotest possibility of erecting a protectionist wall against any of the products of the United States after the war, in view of our close alliance and financial relations with that great nation?—J. LANDEFAR LUCAS.

ENGLISH LITERATURE FOR A FRENCH READER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "H. E." regrets that "Adam Bede" is so full of dialect as to make it unsuitable for French readers. I do not think they would experience any difficulty with "Romolo" or with "Middlemarch." Might I suggest the following list of authors (not all their books would be suitable, but I think a good selection could be made among them): Sterne ("Sentimental Journey"), Hilaire Belloc, R. L. Stevenson (the essays and travel books), John Henry Shorthouse, Charles Lamb ("Essays of Elia"), E. V. Lucas, Walter Pater ("Renaissance"), Jane Austen, and Mrs. Gaskell ("Cranford").—H. Y. FRANK.

BUTTERFLIES OF 1917.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It will, I think, interest "A. M. E." of North Devon to know of some of the butterflies that I have seen this summer in West Sussex. The White Admiral is a common butterfly this summer, although I have never before found it nearer here than the New Forest. The Dark Green Tritillia is also just as plentiful. Red Admirals, Peacocks, Painted Ladies and Small Tortoiseshells are as numerous as ever. I have also seen—the first time for twenty-three years—a fine specimen of the Large Tortoiseshell. I used to find these butterflies many years ago on the Suffolk and Essex border. I have never before seen one in Sussex.—L. E. TAYLOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While watching some beautiful *P. corydon* on Durlston Cliffs four days ago I was delighted to see at my very feet, while climbing a stone wall, a beautifully fresh specimen (male) of the Mazarine Blue (*P. acis*), now, I believe, a great rarity. Shortly after I met two collectors with their nets, but although myself an old "bug hunter" I did not put them on the track.—A. R. A.

[The Mazarine Blue (*P. acis*) is now so great a rarity, having been regarded as extinct in Britain for the last forty years, that a well known entomologist to whom we submitted this letter suggests that our correspondent mistook some other "blue" for it. At a little distance the female of the common blue might show some resemblance.—Ed.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think some of your entomological readers would be interested to know that I caught a specimen of *Sphinx convolvuli* (*Convolvulus Hawk Moth*) in Carnarvonshire, North Wales, on September 4th of this year. The specimen was rather battered and died soon after I obtained it.—J. L. C. MUSTERS.

FERTILISATION OF EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I reared a single larva of *Orgyia* (Vaporer Moth) which spun up and duly merged as a wingless female. I transferred her to a pill-box, in which, after laying innumerable eggs, she died. The eggs have since hatched, and I have a large number of young larvae. Can you or anyone explain how those became fertile? seeing that no other moth had access to her.—M. L. BRIDGER, Exmouth.

[It would have added to the interest of this letter if our correspondent had told us from what he transferred the wingless female to the pill-box. If it was a ordinary rearing cage with perforated zinc or muslin, the incident would require no explanation.—Ed.]

SHRUB TO NAME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly name the enclosed? The tree when planted was a Veitchian novelty—I think from China. It bears upright white flower spikes, and this year is the first time it has fruited.—H. B.

[The shrub sent for identification is *Dacaisnea Fargesii*, native of the mountains of Western China, where it was collected and sent to France by the missionary Père Farges in 1895. Two years later it was sent to Kew, where it has proved hardy, flowering and producing fruit regularly each year. It is in addition a handsome foliage plant.—Ed.]

BURIED EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to a letter in your issue of September 15th concerning buried plums, you may be interested in hearing about buried eggs. In 1911 in the village of Filkins, Oxon, between April and November we found twenty-five unbroken hens' eggs—some fresh enough to eat. They were discovered for the most part in preparing ground for Potatoes, or in digging the crop. No satisfactory explanation was ever offered. A rat, a rook, a dog, a fox were all suggested. I heard that an occasional egg had been found before; but it was quite clear that to the majority of our village people nothing of the kind had ever been known.—WILLOUGHBY PARR.

A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET.

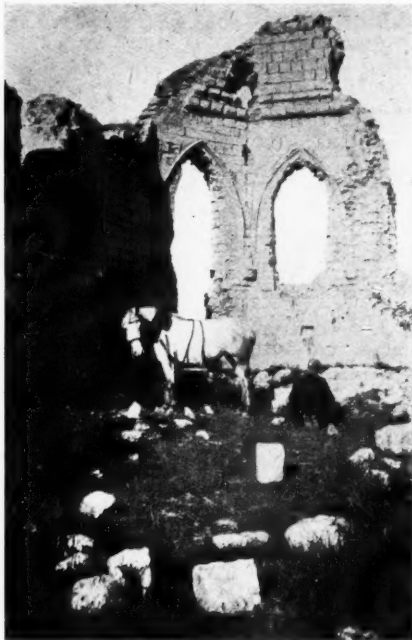
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if in other parts of England the fine sunset on September 19th was observed under at all similar conditions to those I noticed in this part of South Wilts. After a grey, damp day, without a gleam of sunshine, the sun burst out from the western sky towards 6 p.m. with an extraordinary radiance, lighting up the whole of the horizon with shades of glowing pink. This house stands on an eminence with a terrace overlooking a wide wooded valley for miles, and as I watched the sun setting, an immense bank of soft white moisture seemed to rise suddenly throughout the whole valley, rising high above the trees, silhouetting them with white cloudlike mist which caught the glow from the sun above. The sudden effect of sun and moisture was both startling and beautiful; I have seen nothing like it since I stood in the "rain forest" of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River—in fact, I almost for a moment felt myself transported to Rhodesia, as the sunset effects were so strangely un-English.—H. A. C. PENRUDDOCKE, F.R.G.S.

A CAMERA PICTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The photograph which I enclose represents a ruin—not a war ruin for once—in France, Pas de Calais, and an aged French labourer is saying his prayers at the ruined altar; doubtless praying for the success of his country or safety of relatives. He has tied his horse up. The whole thing makes an effective picture, and I was lucky to get it.—I. C. M.



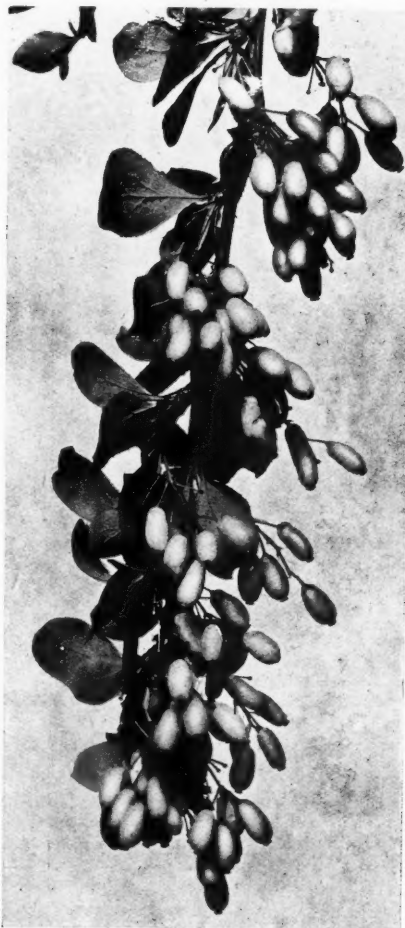
AT THE RUINED ALTAR.

the family, as the guest of the Canadian Government to the Quebec Tercentenary.—ARTHUR T. WOLFE.

WHEAT DISEASE AND THE COMMON BARBERRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In company with other fruit-bearing shrubs the common Barberry is this year quite unusually loaded with its coral-like berries. In some of the Alpine regions where it abounds it is a wonderful sight, the masses of red fruit reddening the whole bush and showing up all the more conspicuously on the groundwork of grey rock. The berries should not be wasted, for they make delicious jam and jelly and also a charming dessert dish if the berried racemes are tied with thread three or four together in a little bouquet, kept whole and treated in the usual way for making jam. As a hedge plant *Berberis vulgaris* is absolutely impenetrable, especially if the shrubs are let grow for a few years and then cut to the ground, when the growth from the stools comes up thicker and more vigorous than ever. The only drawback to the more general planting of this beautiful fruiting shrub is that it is commonly attacked by a red rust (*Aecidium Berberidis*) which has been proved to be an alternate form of wheat disease, *Puccinia graminis*. If on the occurrence of the red



A SPRAY OF BARBERRY.

rust the portions bearing it are removed and burnt no harm can come to the wheat, but if this precaution is not observed, it is better that it should not be planted in the neighbourhood of farm land.—GERTRUDE JEKVELL.

BUILDING AFTER THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One of the first needs of reconstruction after the war will be large schemes for building working-men's houses, and no doubt many plans of garden city building will be produced. To me the plan of building innumerable little detached houses seems extravagant, and I doubt whether really good building could ever be brought within the reach of the poor in this way. I should like to ventilate the idea of building hostels, more or less on the lines of college buildings, to be let in flats or single rooms to working people. I write entirely as an uneducated layman, but I should like to hear the opinions of architects on the feasibility of the scheme. Such a hostel would seem to have several obvious economic advantages: (1) A saving of wall-space; (2) a saving of the number of rooms any family need take, by providing a certain number of public rooms, such as a public kitchen, a babies' crèche, public baths, furnished spare rooms that could be rented by the night for visitors, etc.; (3) the rooms could be let either in flats or in single rooms to unmarried people. Such a hostel, if run on co-operative lines, would give opportunities for experiments in small scale local government; presumably the profits of the hostel would be spent and the rules made by an elected committee of the tenants. The land attached to it would consist partly of public gardens, but would be mainly let in allotments, primarily to the tenants themselves. Of course, such a scheme rather runs counter to the idea that the British workman likes to own his own home; but I question whether he really does so if he has to live near his work. In any case, this would not affect the need of hostels for single men or women.—R. F. BAILEY.

[We gladly publish our correspondent's suggestion, though we think he underestimates the value to a labourer of a detached house with a garden round it.—ED.]

A GIANT PUFF-BALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A year ago you published a photograph of a large puff-ball that was



A PUFF-BALL FOR BROBDINGNAG.

found near Broseley, Shropshire; but this season I have seen and photographed another which was found near Bridgnorth, which completely throws the first into the shade. The latter monster weighed, when fresh, 5½ lbs., was 3 ft. zins. in circumference, and 13 ins. in diameter.—FRANCES PITT.

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE for August 25th, page 170, you mention that means have been found for manufacturing sulphuric acid, with the result that sulphate of ammonia may become a drug in the market after the war. May I ask is this some recent discovery? I am not well up in chemistry, but I judge from your remarks that sulphate of ammonia is made from or by sulphuric acid. I shall be extremely obliged to you for any information you can give me supplementing what appears in the article in COUNTRY LIFE.—JURISCONSULTUS.

[Sulphuric acid has been manufactured for a very long time by industrial processes, especially in connection with zinc and soda. Since the war new zinc and, perhaps, other factories have been erected over here which have increased on a large scale the output of sulphuric acid. The sulphuric acid is used in the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia—the ammonia coming from the distillation of coal for gas, the sulphuric acid being added.—ED.]

FOOD FOR A GREAT DANE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been giving my dog (Great Dane) 1 lb. of rice a day besides scraps and dog biscuits. Now I find there is a difficulty in obtaining cheap rice; what do you suggest I should give him? He is three years old and has always had rice. I should be glad of an answer.—C. L. M.

[The use of rice, except in articles of human food, is forbidden by the Food Controller, and it is therefore illegal to give it to animals. As a matter of fact, rice is not an ideal food for dogs. Very little is now available for dog owners beyond biscuits, horseflesh, sheep's paunches, or scraps from the butcher that are not suitable for sale in the ordinary course. Bread may not be given, nor barley or maize meal.—ED.]

AN ANCIENT OAK-TIMBERED ROOF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you an illustration of a truly quaint oaken roof, one practically unknown and difficult to inspect before the breaking out of the present war. For possibly a century the loft has been used as a dove-cote, accessible by a ladder. Originally it was the upper room of a three-storey malt office. It has now been made accessible by a staircase, and is utilised as a training place, or "butt," for rifle-shooting. As an outbuilding it is part of the Castle Inn at Alfreton, Derbyshire, and as an historical object it is a reminder of an important old-time trade of the town now utterly decayed. With the trade has vanished the allied "cooper" and all that his trade implied. The roof is a rude but strong example of axe-hewn oak timbering, framed on the sound principle of upholding the ridge or apex of the roof—that obtained, the tendency of the main timbers to spread at their feet was obviated; but this was doubly guarded, for their feet descend through the plaster floor and are securely fixed into the supporting floor beams or balk timbers. This roof timbering differs from the ordinary type, as the principal rafters are not in line with the common rafters, and the side walls are run up a yard or more above the principal—here also the floor beams. It is a roof of seven bays, which means of six principals, five of which are rude and one of a higher grade

of carpentry, which is singled out by the male figure, which gives scale to the picture. It will be seen that this one is carefully wrought as a semicircular arch with a broad base or springing, but *why* it is not easy to explain. This old roof chamber is 78ft. long and 15ft. 3ins. wide, the headway being 6ft. 6ins. in height. The squares of the timbers vary, the principal rafters, 9½ins. by 5ins., tapering upwards to 8½ins. by 5ins. The purlins range from 7½ins. by 7½ins. to 8ins. by 6ins. The age of the building, being a trade construction void of architectural details, is difficult to fix.—WILLIAM STEVENSON.

THE FIGHTING ON THE CARSO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Among the peculiarities of that strange bleak region, the Carso, are the "Dolinas" or hollows. The accompanying photograph shows one

in the occupation of the victorious Italian Army. In these hollows guns, mitrailleuses and riflemen can hide unseen in the hope of attacking advancing parties of the enemy in the rear. In the hands of the Italians they become advance posts and occasionally ambulance posts. Dug-outs are easily improvised, as will be seen in the photograph.—ITALIAN.

WEEDS ON A GRAVEL DRIVE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers could tell me of any method of destroying grass and other weeds on a gravel drive? I have been advised to use weed-killer, but am rather chary of doing so as a lot

of poultry have access to the drive. I heard recently of some poultry that had died as a result of eating weed-killer, but in this case they got at it in the tin. Would the fact of it being sprayed on the ground mitigate its poisonous results? Also, would insects picked up on the drive after it was treated with weed-killer hurt the fowls?—DOROTHY TREVELYAN.

[Unfortunately there is no royal road to this end, and the hoe is the best remedy still. The safest plan, if a weed-killer must be tried, would be to use common salt, but it is doubtful if

it can be procured for the purpose at the present time. If obtainable, it is probable that any of the large stores would supply it. Scatter the salt over the drive thickly enough to form a light covering. It ought not to be applied in very wet weather. The drawback is that, as a rule, salt has only a temporary effect on weeds, afterwards acting as a fertiliser. A home-made weed-killer can be manufactured as follows, but it will be necessary to keep poultry fenced off if used: Dissolve 1lb. of powdered arsenic in three gallons of cold water, boil well, keeping the mixture constantly stirred. Add seven gallons of cold water and 2lbs. of crushed soda; stir well and boil, then apply the mixture in dry weather. This would prove effective for the purpose in view. Any worms or insects killed by a poisonous weed-killer would certainly prove harmful, and probably fatal, to the fowls if devoured by them.—ED.]



SOME FINE OLD BEAMS OF ENGLISH OAK.



ITALIAN SOLDIERS SHELTERING IN A "DOLINA."